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Things in General

ONE of the best indications of an approaching general election is the voting of over \$12,000,000 in railway subsidies by the Dominion Parliament in the dying days of the session. With such an amount of swag in sight there will surely be "something doing" out on the sidelines besides the constructing of railways.

"TALK is cheap, but it takes money to buy tablets." So said Ald. Foster in criticism of the Board of Control's decision not to accept his offer to erect in the City Hall a memorial of the volunteers killed in South Africa. Ald. Foster is right. Talk is always cheap among the aldermen, and as usual the wrong thing was done when the City Council went back on the Board's decision and accepted Ald. Foster's offer with thanks. This action gives the measure of the Council and of the city of Toronto as a municipality about as well as anything could. The City Hall is full of things that should not be there—I do not refer merely to aldermen, but to pictures, presents to officials and articles of all sorts donated by citizens instead of purchased by the municipality. There is a flagstaff as high as Haman's gallows in front of the Hall, the gift of the same Ald. Foster. The volunteers who fell in South Africa are deserving of a bronze tablet in the City Hall, the city should provide it. A man could as decently think of allowing someone to donate the funeral expenses of his child as the city can afford to have this sort of thing attended to by an individual who may have personal or political ends to serve. Yet it is of a piece with the acceptance of such gifts as the Carnegie library. If it is right for Toronto to pocket close on half a million dollars of a stranger's money in order that her citizens may have free novels to read, it cannot be very wrong for the city to accept the proffered gift of one of her own citizens for a much more modest and equally admirable purpose.

SPEAKING of the Carnegie library, it seems a decision re site has been reached by a committee of Council sitting behind closed doors and lobbied by members of the Library Board. Librarian Bain is to have his way in that the reference library is to be located up town near the Parliamentary and University libraries, where it is not needed, while the fiction and reading room is to remain down town. This is certain to be an unpopular decision. The library should not be divided, and it should be kept down town where everybody comes daily or can come with ease from all parts of the city. The whole thing has been juggled, from its inception, in the most disgraceful way, and in utter defiance of the majority, who have never been asked to pronounce on any single phase of the question from the time Carnegie was secretly canvassed for alms.

NOTHING could be more wonderful than the way the English free trade myth is falling to pieces under the blows of ex-Colonial Secretary Chamberlain. That free trade is a myth no student of the world's commerce can doubt. There never was such a thing as free trade since man emerged from barbarism and society organized itself in its first rough forms. Englishmen for a couple of generations deluded themselves with the crazy notion that they were enjoying freedom of trade. It always was an hallucination and is so to-day. England has enjoyed free trade in imports but not in exports. There has been no such thing as an open market anywhere in this universe to the products of British industry. It takes at least two to come to a bargain, and no single nation could create conditions even approximating to those which the theoretical economists had in view in discussing the ideal operation of natural laws under an imagined system of world-wide freedom of commerce. England has worshipped a blind, deaf, dumb and insensate idol almost to her own undoing. A year, six months, ago, hardly any public man of standing in the Old Land dared to seriously lift up his voice against this overmastering fetish. To-day the British nation is unquestionably in the throes of an agitation which will modify, if it does not destroy, the fiscal traditions prevailing since the repeal of the corn laws, and the change has been brought about mainly by the boldness and force of one man who has dared to think and speak for himself. It is no longer rank heresy to question free trade. The whole subject is again an open one. English opinion, of course, must have been slowly ripening towards this sudden and marvelous change. But the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain was the man who saw and observed the drift of popular thinking, who measured the strength of the current and seized the psychological moment to launch his bark on the tide, which will undoubtedly bear him further and higher than any contemporary English statesman.

That Mr. Chamberlain has presented something like a workable proposal for the revision of the British tariff, without imposing any new burdens on the artisan class, shows the strong, practical mind of the man and his grasp of a problem which has puzzled others who have attempted to solve it. Much of the revenue of the British Government is raised by an import tax on articles of food not produced in the British Isles. This of course has never been regarded as a protective duty. What Mr. Chamberlain proposes in part is to remit this taxation; to remove or reduce the duties on such articles of consumption as tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, currants, raisins, etc., and transfer a portion of the tax to corn, flour, meats, and certain manufactured articles. By this means he would create a commercial situation in which it would be possible for England to discriminate in favor of the foodstuffs of the colonies and also to retaliate if necessary against the tariffs of foreign nations, while at the same time the cost of the full dinner pail would not be increased to the British laborer or artisan.

This is an attractive programme, and goes to show that the difficulties surrounding a departure from free trade and a revision of the British Customs tariff are not necessarily insoluble from a practical point of view, as so often and loudly asserted by the Cobden school of political hair-splitters and kill-joys. It means much that John Bull and his partner Sandy have been shaken out of their complacent and pig-headed frame of mind, to recognize and admit that there is a question worthy of study back of these propositions. It is idle to think that free trade as an article of faith will ever again command the superstitious reverence of all classes of Englishmen. It will cease to be regarded as of equal force and authority with the law of gravitation or the axioms of Euclid. Englishmen will no longer teach it to their children together with the Ten Commandments, and Scotchmen may cease to imbibe it with the Catechism. The rousing campaign of Mr. Chamberlain, the acute and long-continued Cabinet crisis, the speeches and pamphlet of Premier Balfour throwing an atmosphere of "philosophic doubt" over the whole matter, all go to indicate that the ghostly sway of the late Adam Smith and Richard Cobden over the British mind is at an end. And that being the case, a great commercial and industrial revolution is surely in store.

SPEAKING of the political flare-up in Great Britain, the time is evidently coming when the people of Canada may be required to choose between a preference for their wheat and agricultural products in the British market and the uninterrupted development of their manufacturing industries. In that case, as frequently in the past, the farmers and the manufacturers are likely to be arrayed on opposite sides. Mr. Chamberlain in his Glasgow speech said he recognized the right of the colonies to develop their industries so as not to be dependent on foreign supplies. But he asked them to leave to Britain the manufacture of those things for which she had great capacity for production. He relied on the colonies as kinemen to do this for the good of the Empire as a whole. This, if it means anything, means that the manufacturers of Canada will be expected to agree to a further preference in favor of English manufactured goods—to get along with a less measure of protection than is now enjoyed—in order that the wheat and cattle of Canadian farmers may find entrance to the British market on preferential terms. The manufacturers of Canada do not appear to be in

any mood to lay themselves on the altar of Imperialism. They are all looking for more protection, not less. Canadian opinion in general favors the building up of varied industries and the development of all our resources; it looks forward to the making of Canada a manufacturing as well as agricultural country. For this reason there are stumbling blocks in the way of any preferential scheme; yet this need not prevent discussion or plunge in despair the advocates of closer trade relations amongst the marvelously numerous and diversified countries which are called the British Empire. If Chamberlain succeeds in reversing the actual present fiscal policy of Great Britain, the question of preferences and how they can best be arranged to the mutual advantage of the contracting parties will then be up for discussion, and some plan may be discovered of adjusting the apparently conflicting interests of the agricultural and manufacturing classes.

MR. BALFOUR's choice of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton as Colonial Secretary in his reconstructed Cabinet occasions mirth in the Old Country, and some of the English papers fear the dear colonists will feel insulted over the appointment of so insignificant a personage to wear the shoes of "good old Joey." Mr. Lyttelton has hitherto been known to fame only as a cricketer. I do not think the average Canadian cares two continental about the personality of the Colonial Secretary. Canada, in common with other self-governing portions of the Empire, can get along with pretty

collegiate to a position for which she possessed the necessary qualifications. It is, therefore, untrue that an outcry has been raised on every one of the three occasions when a Roman Catholic has been appointed to a position on the teaching staffs. Finally, my informant deals with "Fair Play's" statement: "At another of the schools there is a teacher of mathematics—thought by those who have come under him to be one of the best in the province—yet he is not a university graduate." This is admitted, but the teacher referred to is not the mathematical specialist of the school, but an assistant, occupying a position in which specialist standing is not necessary or required. However, the policy of the board has lately been to engage specialists, even for subordinate places such as this teacher occupies.

THE Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor called on President Roosevelt at the White House on September 29th. Among them were Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation, and John Mitchell, president of the Miners' Union and head of the anthracite coal strike. These labor leaders called to urge the President to dismiss Foreman Miller of the Congressional printing office, because he had been expelled from his union. The President reinstated him, but these labor leaders wanted Mr. Roosevelt to dismiss him again. The President for once seemed to have some backbone in dealing with labor affairs and did not mince matters, but replied in part as follows:



MADAM MELBA.

Who appears with her Company at Massey Hall, October 15th.

nearly any old thing in the Colonial Office, so long as he doesn't imagine he is the whole push or try to steer us into the right road when he thinks he sees us going wrong. The day has gone by when the "colonies" were ruled from Downing street. Most of them are quite capable of attending to their own affairs, and as between Alfred Lyttelton and Lord Milner it is probably best for the peace of all parties that the former has been made Colonial Secretary in preference to the latter, who has been used to carrying things with a high hand as a sort of pro-consul over the despised Dutch colonists of South Africa.

AN interesting paragraph in the newspaper reports of the sessions of the Methodist General Board of Missions is that announcing that the resignation of Mr. A. E. Ames as treasurer was accepted after consideration and discussion. None of the papers reported anything of the discussion, and as "Saturday Night" had not a reporter at the meeting I cannot give my readers any inkling of the doubtless interesting things that some of the brethren said in the discussion on this very suggestive step.

THE fixing of October 28th as the date of the Ontario by-elections in Muskoka and Sault Ste. Marie, without reference to North Renfrew, which has been open much longer, may prove to be a tactical blunder on the part of whoever is running the election and of Mr. Ross's political outfit. It is difficult to excuse the keeping North Renfrew vacant except on grounds of party expediency. It is entirely opposed to Liberal doctrine as generally understood. If the Government fears North Renfrew's verdict at the present time it might have been well, for appearance sake, if nothing else, to have postponed all the by-elections until such time as the Government fences in North Renfrew can be put in better shape than they now are.

A GENTLEMAN well posted on the educational affairs of the city expresses surprise at some of the statements made by "Fair Play" in the letter which I reproduced and discussed last week. If my informant is correct—and he should know at least as much about it as "Fair Play"—several of the latter's assertions are not only inaccurate, but decidedly misleading. For instance, "Fair Play" stated that "an outcry something like the present" was made when Miss Lawlor was appointed twelve years ago. My informant assures me that not only was there no outcry or objection to Miss Lawlor, but that she was chosen in preference to the original nominee for the position. Then, with regard to Miss O'Rourke, the gentleman whom I am quoting asserts that three years ago objection was taken to her appointment on the Jameson avenue staff but only because she lacked the legal qualifications called for; while two years ago there was no objection to her appointment in the Jarvis Street

"I am dealing purely with the relation of the Government to its employees. I must govern my action by the laws of the land, which I am sworn to administer, and which differentiate any case in which the Government of the United States is a party from all other cases whatsoever. These laws are enacted for the benefit of the whole people, and can not and must not be construed as permitting discrimination against some of the people. I am President of all the people of the United States, without regard to creed, color, birthplace, occupation, or social condition. My aim is to do equal and exact justice as among them all. In the employment and dismissal of men in the Government service I can no more recognize the fact that a man does or does not belong to a union as being for or against him than I can recognize the fact that he is a Protestant or a Catholic, a Jew or a Gentile, as being for or against him. In the communication sent me by various labor organizations protesting against the retention of Miller in the Government printing office, the grounds alleged are two fold. First, that he is a non-union man; second, that he is not personally fit. The question of his personal fitness is one to be settled in the routine of administrative detail, and can not be allowed to conflict with or to complicate the larger question of governmental discrimination for or against him or any other man because he is or is not a member of a union. This is the only question now before me for decision, and as to this my decision is final."

This stand must surely be approved by every thinking and reasonable being, whether a citizen of the United States or not, and whether in sympathy with or opposed to unionism in general. President Roosevelt has been accused of bedeviling the whole labor situation by his interference in the coal strike. "Harper's Weekly," the New York "Sun," and other powerful organs of opinion have charged him with coquetting with the labor vote, striking a blow at the Federal constitution, at property rights and at law and order by his action in the coal crisis. But it would now appear that Mr. Roosevelt can criticize and resist organized labor when it is wrong as well as befriending it when oppressed and in need of a helper. His heart to heart talk with President Gompers on the subject of Mr. Miller's reinstatement ought to prove a cold douche to the head-achers of organized labor, and will doubtless do something to disillusionize certain persons of the notion that they have a right to prevent other men from earning a living.

BRITISH COLUMBIA politics, which is a too-dignified name for the dirtiest kind of party intrigues are about as well understood in Eastern Canada as the much-mixed Balkan mess. They have had an election in British Columbia, and as usual like the schoolboys' fight, both sides got licked. What it was all about the average Easterner knows nothing and cares even less. It is evident, however,

that the McBride Government, the first "straight" party Government in a very crooked province (politically), is in the soup, unless it can buy, borrow or steal the votes of one or two Opposition members. Thus political morality spreads its glorious sway in the Dominion, and all because the people are too apathetic in matters governmental and allow factions without issues and without ideas to pose as parties and struggle as rivals for the sweets of office. As someone has said, the apathetic citizen is the torpid liver of the body politic. It was hoped that the introduction of party lines in British Columbia politics would put an end to the deadlocks and compromises which for years have disgraced the very name and theory of popular government. But such is not to be the case. They are as badly off as we in Ontario. Factions are again to be equally balanced in the Legislature of the much-misgoverned Pacific Province, and the balance of power will continue to be, there as here, in the hands of the most unscrupulous misrepresentatives of the people. One good thing has been accomplished, as everybody but the editor of the Toronto "Evening Telegram" admits, in the defeat of Joe Martin, who has been a disturber of good government, a wrecker of ministries, and a lover of trouble for trouble's sake.

IN the sweet by-and-by, it appears we are to have amongst other blessings a bridge over the tracks at Yonge street wharf, and the best of it is that the railways are to pay the price. This is a great victory for Mayor Uruhart, and he and J. S. Fullerton, K.C., are deserving of all credit for having brought the Railway Committee at Ottawa to a sane point of view. Yonge street is to be closed below, which theoretically may be unjust to the city, but it is to be remembered that practically the railways would close it anyway with their traffic, once foot passengers are removed to safety overhead. On the whole the outcome of the long fight is highly gratifying to the citizens. It is only to be hoped the bridge will be commenced and completed before we are all dead.

DR. LANDERKIN will be more missed at Ottawa than many a man who has taken up more space in the political picture. He was not a great success as a Senator, indeed he was not a success as a supporter of the party in power. It was in the dark days of Opposition that his wit put heart and life into a bedraggled and dispirited party. Thousands of anecdotes could be told of the late member for South Grey. He was the Labouchere of the Canadian House of Commons for twelve or fourteen years. He never let party politics strangle the kindly instincts of his heart, and his jokes were laughed at as heartily by Conservatives as by Liberals.

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the contributing causes to the recent Cabinet crisis in England, outside of fiscal difficulties, is the uproar over the report of the South African War Commission. That Great Britain was in a frightful state of unpreparedness and that the War Office muddled and bungled everything it touched, is established as an historic fact. Yet England is not the only country where fools and martinet heads have been in office at a time of national crisis. A Western paper of high standing, the San Francisco "Argonaut," is disposed to think that Great Britain's experience was but the ordinary and common experience of nations that go to war, and it points out in an article ironically entitled "The Science of War," that at the opening of the Spanish-American war the United States, as afterwards discovered, had not only a lack of guns and bullets, but of powder with which to fire the guns and bullets off. This astounding condition of affairs seems to leak out after every war. After the Franco-Prussian campaign it was recalled that in the legislative chamber before war was declared the Opposition one day asked the Minister of War if the army was ready; he arose in his place and said solemnly: "There is not a button missing from a gaiter." It was soon discovered that he was right, the reason being that there were no gaiters. In fact, before a fortnight many of the French soldiers not only had no gaiters, but they were "sans culottes." The officers had no maps except maps of Germany, and lost their way in their own country.

In his famous book on Napoleon's Russian campaign, the "Physiologie de la Guerre," Count Tolstoi gives a version of that military fiasco which is well worth perusal by those who have never read any but the accounts of French and other historians. Tolstoi, to quote the "Argonaut" again, says that Napoleon never had any plan of campaign; that the Russian generals never had any plan of campaign; that Napoleon apparently expected that the Russians would give him battle; that the Russians apparently intended to do so, but were prevented by internecine dissensions and jealousy among the corps commanders; that as Napoleon advanced toward the eastward, the Russian army was ordered by the Czar to stand and fight; that the Russian army wanted to fight; that Koutousoff, the commander-in-chief, distrusted the generals commanding the army corps; that, doubting their loyal adherence, he was afraid to give battle; that some of these generals determined to bring about a battle, thinking that the result would be a success for the French armies, and hoping thus to ruin Koutousoff; that while these intrigues were in progress, a battle was brought on by the impetuosity of the soldiers in the ranks; that the battle of Borodino was not expected by Napoleon, and not intended by Koutousoff; that after the battle was over, the Russians had whipped the French and did not know it; that the Russians retired in good order, not knowing what terrible disasters had been inflicted on the French; that Napoleon, although his army was a mere military mob, immediately claimed the victory, because the Russians had retired; that the battle of Borodino broke the back of the Grand Army, but the Russians did not suspect it then; that when Napoleon entered Moscow he knew not why he entered, and never could tell why he remained; that when the city was burned the French claimed the Russians did it; the Russians claimed the French did it; the Russian Governor first denounced the French as barbarians for causing the fire, and then subsequently boasted that he had himself fired his own house with his own hands; that if anybody was the cause of the burning of Moscow it was God; that any large wooden city, suddenly occupied by a force of dissolute and careless soldiery, is bound to be consumed; that when the French left Moscow and started to retire they did not know where they were going; that Napoleon had no plan of campaign, either marching east or retiring west; that he took his army back over the same road, wasted and worn by their journey of a few months before; that he might easily have traveled a few score miles south, through fat and juicy provinces, where food and forage abounded; that the sole end of himself and his generals seemed to be to get to Smolensk; that they had nothing to go to Smolensk for; that when they got there they did not know the reason for their haste; that Smolensk, empty of food and forage, was nothing but a smoking ruin; that as the French continued their march toward the frontier the Russian army continued to march on a parallel line to the northward; that historians have said that the Russian army continued to "hang upon and harass" the French army; that as a matter of fact the official documents prove that the Russian army never knew where the French army was, till near the frontier; that all of the "harrying" of the French army was done by the outraged peasantry, the Cossacks, and other irregular guerrilla forces; that the Czar was urging Koutousoff to take the French army prisoners; that Koutousoff had not food enough for his own men, and the few French prisoners he had nearly all starved to death; that subsequent Russian historians have praised him for his cunning in driving the French to the frontier without giving them battle; that in reality the reason Koutousoff did not give them battle, as ordered by the Czar, was because he could not catch up with them, they traveled so fast; that in regard to praising him for his wisdom in doing no more than driving them to the frontier, it was ardently urged among the Russian generals to cross the Beresina and pursue them beyond the river; that the only reason this pursuit into foreign territory was not attempted was because the Russian army had no commissary and no transportation de-

EARLY OCTOBER WEDDINGS.



Miss Ida Beatrice Buchanan.



Captain John Kaye.



Miss Alice Irene Kemp.



Mr. Walter Scott Waldie.



Miss Emily Gerhard Heintzman.



Mr. John M. Bascom.

partment. These astounding statements Count Tolstoi makes and backs up with citations from official documents in the Russian archives. Very likely they are true, says the "Argonaut." What a remarkable story! And yet this aggregation of colossal blunders was performed under the direction of the man who was admittedly the greatest soldier that the world has seen for two thousand years. What a stinging indictment of the "science" of war!

All of which bears out the opinion of a Toronto man who has seen something of the tented field and smelt gunpowder under more than one foreign sky that there is no greater unpricked bubble in the world than militarism or the military cult.

Social and Personal.

The wedding of the autumn, for picturesque and dashing accompaniments, was that of Miss Ida Beatrice Buchanan and Captain John Kaye. Miss Buchanan is the only child of our ever popular D.O.C., a little lady who has been brought up in an atmosphere of military things, the pet during her younger days of all the gallant officers and their wives, and since she attained years of young ladyhood one of the most popular of girls. It was a foregone conclusion that she would be wooed and won by a soldier, and a very fine young fellow has been the lucky man, the courtship and marriage of Tuesday last being unquestionably a love match of the good old-fashioned sort. For such a bride and groom the garrison was bound to contribute all the éclat that the profession could compass, and right well they did it. Rarely has Toronto seen such a bridal as took place in the military Church of St. John at four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. The day was cloudy, but the brilliancy of the military turnout in our Canadian October tints of red and gold, the scores of beautiful women in delicately lovely gowns, the grandes dames in satins and velvets, the charming decoration of the church in wreaths, arches and sprays of the most lovely autumn foliage and deep-tinted flowers, and drapings of huge Union Jacks, with the soft glow of the altar lights, all combined to form a rarely memorable scene. When the bride and groom came down the chancel steps after the service a gorgeous officer stood at each pew entrance all down the long aisle. At a given moment a sword flashed from every scabbard and gleamed high and crossed in a glittering Gothic arch from chancel to doorway, under which the happy pair came, smiling at the brave show of steel and the murmured good wishes of their enthusiastic friends. It was the fitting fashion for a soldier and a soldier's daughter to take their first step together as bridegroom and bride. Miss Buchanan was brought in by her father, Colonel Lawrence Buchanan, C.B., D.O.C., who was in scarlet and wearing his medals, and very sweet and pretty was the bride in a distinctly original gown of open embroidered white tulle over chiffon, a soft cloud of tulle as a veil, and an upright and smart little coronet of orange blossoms. Some very fine lace d'Alençon was arranged en berthe, and the guimpe and undersleeves were of white chiffon the whole costume being the essence of chic. The choir of St. John the Evangelist led the bride's procession to the chancel, boys and women choristers in surplices, followed by men choristers and the rector, Rev. A. Williams. Then came a serious and important little five-year-old girl, daughter of Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann, and a fair maid of honor, Miss Grace Brendon of Bramford, and two bridesmaids, the Misses Athol Boulton and May Beddome of London. The bridesmaids wore white silk sun-pleated gowns, with the modish deep collars and fine lace, large white hats with ostrich plumes, and brides of tulle fetchingly tied, and carried scarlet geraniums, following the military color scheme. The groomsmen were Captain Horetsky, R.C.R.I., and the ushers were Lieutenant-Colonel George Stinson, R.G., Major Lang of the Engineers corps, Captain Conger, Mr. Douglas Young and Mr. Bowen. The men of the R.C.R. occupied the transept and the organ was reinforced by some of the band instruments. When the climax of the pretty scene had been reached and the bridal party and Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan had passed under the vista of crossed swords, the brilliant company drove to Stanley Barracks, passing under the grim gateway now bright with flags and banners to the Colonel's quarters, where a most capably arranged reception and dejeuner, served in the officers' mess-room, were the engrossing interests. After the bride had cut the cake, with Captain Kaye's sword, the crowning point was reached in the proposal of the health of the happy pair by Mr. G. R. Cockburn, the oldest friend of the family present. The pearls of mirth which punctuated Mr. Cockburn's speech told that the speaker was in his best vein, and with glasses upheld and three times three and a tiger the toast was merrily honored. Then Captain Kaye responded in the same humor, and the health of Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan was honored with more cheers and jollity, the Colonel giving Mr. Cockburn a Roland for his Oliver amid the roars of laughter of the guests. Captain and Mrs. Kaye presently drove away on their honeymoon amid the inevitable snowstorm of confetti, the bride looking as pretty and happy as her dearest friends could wish in a trim blue cloth costume de voyage and neat little turban to match, the band playing "Just One Girl" as she left the barracks. Perhaps it was quite the universal verdict which was voiced by a breathless girl as she wiped the tears of laughter from her eyes, "It was quite the happiest pair and the jolliest wedding I ever saw." Among the splendid gifts was a huge case of silver from the officers of the R.C.R.I., and a silver tea service from the officers of the R.C.D. and an array of silver, cut glass, exquisite and artistic things of every sort overflowing from one room into a second. The souvenirs of the event received by the bridesmaids were jeweled bees on gold brooches, a play upon the initial of the bride and her three maids. The best man and ushers were the recipients of pearl scarfpins. A remarkable charm at the wedding was the number of very handsome women, for rarely does such a complete representation of Toronto beauty gather under one roof as was admired at Stanley Barracks last Tuesday afternoon.

The marriage of Miss Emily Gerhard Heintzman, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman of Tannenheim, and Mr. John M. Bascom, took place in the German Lutheran Church at half-past two o'clock on Tuesday, in the presence of a large party of relatives and friends. The service was conducted by Rev. Paul Mueller, pastor of the church, and the organ under the master touch of Herr Vogt, sounded sweet strains for some time before the bride arrived. The Lutheran ritual commences with an address to the bride and groom, which was given by Mr. Mueller with an earnest simplicity that was most impressive. The bridal group were a charming picture as they stood before the lighted altar in the quaint and plain sanctuary, the bride in a clinging robe of crepe de soie with skirt panel outlined with pearls, and applications of pearls to her hair, a deep folded girdle about her slim waist, and her girlish neck and arms veiled with semi-transparent chiffon and here and there gleaming pearls. A hand-some bertha of rare lace fell softly from her shoulders, and a garland of orange blossoms rested on her dark hair, fastening a long tulle veil as they had done a score of years before for her mother at her bridal. The bridal bouquet was of lily of the valley. The beautiful, delicate violet shade known as eminence was the color note of this wedding. The maid of honor was Miss Nelda Gerhard Heintzman, and the first bridesmaid Miss Jean Doane, wearing picture hats of shirred eminence tulle with white ospreys, and huge chiffon and

velvet muffs of the same, with falling frills and wide silk sash bows and ends. Their dresses were of sun-pleated white crepe de soie, with very smart fringe on the bodices, and that of the bride's third attendant, Miss Cornelia Gerhard Heintzman, was of point d'esprit with a white beaver hat and huge bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The best man was Mr. E. Powell of Bishop Ridley College staff, St. Catharines, a childhood friend and choir-mate of the bridegroom (whose beautiful singing was some years ago the pride of St. Simon's choir). The ushers were Mr. Killer, uncle of the bride; Mr. R. Bonsall, Dr. Wales of Brucebridge, and Dr. Frankenstein of Buffalo, who sang in artistic style and beautiful voice during the signing of the register. Two little cousins of the bride, George Bertram and Frederick Hutchison, were pages in velvet suits and deep collars and cuffs of string-colored lace. The pews reserved for the relatives were marked by bouquets of white asters and white ribbons, and as admission to the church was by ticket the usual crowding was not possible. The gallery was filled with an interested party of onlookers. After the marriage a reception was held at Tannenheim, where the whole charming residence was decorated with flowers and palms, and the pretty garden in the rear used as a "breakfast room," several marquees being set on the fine turf, with a special table and effective floral decorations for the bride's party, and an orchestra playing sweetly during the dejeuner. The presents were displayed in the upper sitting-room, and included every imaginable rich and beautiful gift—furniture of the handiwork, a pair of chairs from relatives, and a delightful lounging chair for the bridegroom from his office staff, a splendid silver tea and coffee Queen Anne service from the groom's conferees and principals of the Underwriters' Association; several handsome cheques, and enough cut glass, silver, china, Tiffany glass, clocks, paintings, and so forth to make the new home in Howard street a thing of beauty. From the cherished grandmother of the bride, Mrs. Killer of Waterloo, was a wonderful white counterpane, the work of her own hands, and prized accordingly. Mrs. Moggridge of Hamilton grandmother of the groom, was also a welcome guest at this happy marriage. As I mentioned some weeks ago, the 6th of October is the anniversary of the bride's father as well as her wedding day, and Mr. Gerhard Heintzman had his share of good wishes and congratulations. Among the many beautiful gowns at this event was that worn by the bride's mother, entirely composed of narrow black satin ribbon fagotated with black fillet over pale green tulle and inserted with exquisite black Chantilly, a gown that was one of Stitt's happiest successes. A bertha of Venetian lace (one of the many beautiful things brought back by Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman after their summer trip in Europe) was arranged on the bodice, and a hat of eminence violets completed the costume. Mrs. Vogt was charmingly gowned in white poplin with fine applique of lace. The groom's mother wore a rich black gown relieved with white. Mrs. Charles Boeckh was in pale blue and white. Mrs. Bertram wore champagne voile and a black picture hat. Some other guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp, Mr. and Mrs. Gourlay, Miss Gourlay, Mrs. George Hutchison, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Mr. Boeckh, Dr. and Mrs. Wagner, Mrs. and the Misses Steiner.

A midsummer temperature and golden sunshine was the gift of the weather man on Wednesday to Miss Alice Kemp and Mr. Scott Waldie for their wedding day, between clouds and rain storms of the morning before and the evening after. Such an ideal afternoon for a sylvan wedding party couldn't have been better. For some time before three o'clock the road to Castle Frank was alive with equipages overflowing with silk and chiffons, airy summer fineries in mid-autumn, and smiling summer faces to match. The guests were delighted, before they entered the open portals, by whiffs of delicious fragrance from a mammoth basket of American Beauties which faced the doorway from a point half way up the stairway. The drawing-room was arranged for the ceremony, an alcove being specially decorated and a trio of marriage bells done with white pink and crimson carnations hanging from the center of the arch over a temporary altar rail before which the bridal party stood. The way from the stair to the alcove was barred with white ribbons, and while Mr. Blakeley played the sweet-toned organ which is built into the half-way landing on the grand stairway, the guests grouped themselves below, gazing up at the beautiful stair with its garlands of green and huge sheaves of American Beauties, and watching for the first glimpse of the bride's procession, for which the ushers stood waiting, after the passing of the groom, the best man, and Rev. Mr. Cleaver, the officiating minister, to the drawing-room. The familiar marriage music pealed forth and the little flower girl, Miss Aileen Kemp, cousin of the bride, appeared at the turn of the stairway, stepping slowly and demurely down in a dainty white frock and white beaver hat, and carrying a large basket of white, pink and crimson carnations. After her came the four bridesmaids, two and two, the maid of honor being Miss Florence Kemp, next sister of the bride, and the other three bridesmaids being Miss Jessie Waldie, Miss Hazel Kemp, the bride's youngest sister, and Miss Norton Beatty, daughter of Mr. S. G. Beatty. Their frocks were airy lovely, of silk point d'esprit over tulle, with guimpes of lacy white satin ribbons caught with pearls, and huge sheaf bouquets of carnations, pink, white and crimson. They wore veils of tulle floating over their shoulders, which were exceedingly becoming. The bride was brought down by her father and wore a heavy ivory satin robe des noes, en train, and opening over a jupe of accordion chiffon, and beautifully trimmed with fine old lace, sheath elbow sleeves of lace over satin, with deep flounces, and a wide satin girdle. A tulle veil and crown of lily of the valley was very prettily arranged over the simple coiffure and the bouquet was a shower of the same exquisite flowers. Mr. R. S. Waldie was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Mark Ansley, Mr. John Jennings Wright, and Mr. Percy Foster of Strathroy. After the ceremony the bridal party left the drawing-room and signed the register, and a quartette of finished vocalists sang a very beautiful anthem, having also sung one of the favorite wedding hymns before the ceremony. Miss Dora McMurtry, Miss Shildrick, Mr. Bemrose, and Mr. Cameron were the quartette. The bride and groom returned to the drawing-room and received the congratulations of their friends, and later on the bridal party took dejeuner at a beautifully-decorated table in the library, while the company enjoyed all the good things from the buffet in the dining-room. An orchestra was stationed on the deep verandah overlooking the stretch of lawn to the edge of the Rosedale ravine, and the guests strolling about enjoyed the perfect hour. Dr. Hoskin pointed out the exact location of old Castle Frank, and the spot where he himself stood to be married. Beautiful women in dreams of gowns grouped themselves here and there. The groom's mother, Mrs. Waldie of Glenhurst, wore a perfect gown of mauve and a toque with orchids and carried a bouquet of the loveliest of Tidy's orchids and feathery ferns. Mrs. Kemp wore a delicate pastel blue brocade with a toque of very pale heliotrope panne. Mrs. S. G. Beatty wore a pale grey gown and hat with plumes to match, which suited her admirably. Here and there a robe of solid color was a relief from the prevalence of pastel tints. Mrs. Hoskin of the Dale wore a deep rich purple and bonnet to match. Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh was in black velvet, relieved with white, and toque to match. Mrs. Charlie Temple was in vivid red. Mrs. Lazier, nee Simpson, was lovely in clear light blue. Mrs. Harry Bourlier, another recent bride, also wore a darker shade of

blue. But most of the gowns were white or pastel shades and were of unusual richness and elegance. After the dejeuner the bridal group were photographed and Mr. and Mrs. Waldie were speeded on their wedding journey by scores of friends who sent good wishes and confetti with equal lavishness, the bride going away in a grey broadcloth traveling suit and grey hat with white wings and rainbow ribbon. The bridal gifts were exceedingly handsome and artistic, and were, as is the rule in these "good times," of a number and value which caused many a word of admiration, and from brides of even a decade or two back a rueful remark. "We didn't get such presents in our time," Mrs. Kemp has had a most interesting and delightful English visitor with her for some weeks, Miss Marlon of Bristol, whose admiration for the chic and elegance of Toronto women was frankly expressed. Mr. and Mrs. Kemp gave their daughter such a wedding as few, if any, parents here could equal, for Castle Frank is the home most capable of being the scene of a successful house wedding of any in Toronto. Its great roominess, its beautiful environment, and the appropriate music from the fine organ, were perfect for a marriage on so fair and bright a day. Mr. and Mrs. Waldie sailed by the "Cedric" for a tour of some months in Europe. One of the bride's presents was a deed of a house and lot in Mackenzie avenue, which will be ready for their occupancy later on, a gift from her father. The bridesmaids' gifts were pins in gold of mistletoe with two hearts in pearls, and the best man and ushers were presented by the groom with mistletoe pins with a pearl heart.

On Wednesday afternoon Lady Kirkpatrick received at Closeburn, and her splendid drawing-room was crowded until after six o'clock with a very brilliant company of friends who came to wish Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout farewell and bon voyage. It transpires, however, that these popular people are not able to leave quite so soon as they intended, and have been absolutely obliged to postpone their voyage across the ocean for a fortnight. They are with Lady Kirkpatrick for the interval. On Wednesday friends were delighted to welcome Mr. W. M. Macpherson of Quebec, who was at Closeburn also. Tea was served from a couple of tables at the end of the drawing-room, and the visitors found a cool and delightful verandah with the cosiest of lounges and cushions outside the French windows of the library. A few whom I noticed at this very pleasant afternoon were Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Victor Williams, Lady Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Winn, Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. McCulloch, Mrs. Harman, Mrs. and Miss Sprague, Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mrs. and Miss Florence Sprague, Mrs. Falconbridge and Miss Aimee Falconbridge, who is bound to be a belle this season; Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Miss Anna Jennings, Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. Paul Kreil, Dr. Bruce, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. LeMesurier, Colonel and Mrs. Grasett, Colonel and Mrs. George T. Denison, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. and Miss Yarker, Miss Vickiers, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick (nee Mulock), Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Holloway, Mr. Arthur Hills.

Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black returned to town from their country place on Saturday.

Mrs. Charles Boeckh will receive on the first and second Fridays during the season, beginning in November. I hear her dining-room, with mural paintings by George A. Reid, is quite lovely, and the whole new house very beautiful as well.

Mrs. S. G. Beatty and Miss Norton Beatty returned on Sunday from England, where Miss Norton Beatty has been for some time at school.

The marriage of Mr. Maurice Taylor of Florsheim and Miss Maude White took place quite quietly on Wednesday. It was a house wedding at the home of the bride's parents, and Rev. Charles James of the Church of the Redeemer, was the officiating minister. Miss Blanche White was bridesmaid and Mr. Percy Taylor best man. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor went to Washington and other cities for their honeymoon and will on their return reside at 12 Walmer road, which Mr. Taylor has recently purchased. In the evening Mr. Percy Taylor entertained the bridal party at McConkey's.

On Wednesday Mrs. Rowland gave an informal tea to a few of Mrs. Pieper's old Toronto friends and others at her home in North Huntley street, which was enjoyed greatly, and Mrs. Pieper's friends were glad to see her well again after her illness.

In a recent number of "Town Topics" the following notice was remarked. The bride herein mentioned is a relative of several Toronto people, and is a very clever and beautiful woman: "The recent marriage in England of Lillian Christina Moeran, daughter of E. H. Moeran, to Arthur Maude Raymond Mallock, Captain R.F.A., of Camberley, Surrey, is of great interest to Southampton. Mr. Moeran, the bride's father, is attorney for the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company. Mrs. Mallock, who has a cottage at Southampton, is noted for her Ashton Kennels. Until recently the breeding of Angora cats has been her favorite pastime. Lately she has gone in for toy spaniels. For years Mrs. Mallock has made annual visits to England, and her sporting tastes brought her into contact with Captain Mallock of the Royal Fusiliers." Mrs. Mallock is a cousin of Mrs. J. S. Monahan of Broadbalk street and both her father and mother are cousins of Mrs. A. E. Denison, her father being the eldest son of the late Dean of County Down, Ireland, Very Rev. Edward Moeran.

Mrs. George Hees gave a charming luncheon in the Nile room yesterday in honor of Miss Amy Laing, whose marriage takes place next Wednesday. Covers were laid for ten.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore and their family have returned from a delightful summer at Birch Point, Muskoka. Mrs. Fiske is up from Montreal and is stopping at Chudleigh.

Mr. Stewart Houston has bought a house in Cluny avenue and will settle there with his family very shortly.

Mrs. Glazebrook, 12 Brunswick avenue, gave a tea for the Forbes Robertsons on Tuesday, at which that clever and interesting couple met some of our cultured people, who enjoyed the afternoon in their charming society.

Mrs. William Arthurs has returned from Niagara-on-the-Lake and is at 66 St. George street. Mrs. Godfrey is also en pension in St. George street at No. 58.

Major Michie has returned from Scotland looking very well indeed. He and Major Robertson, in all their kilted glory, were among the fine lot of officers at the military wedding on Tuesday. Colonel Smith of London was also among the guests.

Miss Kingsmill is visiting Mrs. Gault in New York. Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson are at the King Edward for the season. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Mills, who have been residing at the King Edward, have bought the Murray residence in Crescent road and will remove there shortly. In the meantime they are at Iver Holm.

Mrs. Robert Pieper of San Francisco spent a few days in town this week, the guest of Mrs. Rowland, 102 Huntley street north. She left yesterday for Owen Sound, to visit her brother, Mr. Archie Hay.

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Social and Personal.

A pretty wedding was celebrated last week at Bond Street Congregational Church, when Miss Edith Farrow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Farrow, Czar street, was married to Mr. Frederick E. Neal of Montreal, formerly of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. L. Gordon. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely gown of white Swiss muslin over white silk, with a full skirt and a magnificent bouquet of white roses, lily of the valley and asparagus fern. Miss Flossie Farrow, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Albert Neal, and the ushers were Mr. Charles Farrow and Mr. George Leitch. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's parents. The bride's going-away gown was of navy blue cloth, tailor-made, the coat opening over a blouse of white silk. The newly-married couple will reside in Montreal.

Mrs. Duncan Buchanan (nee Leighton) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Monday and Tuesday, the 12th and 13th instant, at 41 Maitland street, and afterwards on the first and second Mondays of each month.

Mrs. Leverich was called to New York last week by the death of a relative, and will not return to Toronto before the last of this month. Miss Harriet Leverich has gone to Quebec on a visit, I hear, and the ladies will not be at home at their residence in Jarvis street before November.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Robertson, whose finished presentation of "The Light That Failed" has charmed crowds of people at the Princess, have quite a number of friends in our social world, and have been the recipients of various hospitalities and attentions from them. Their acting has been a real treat and pleasure, and their offering to the many of their pathetic and winning impersonation on the stage has been supplemented by their pleasant intercourse with the few whose invitations they have been able to accept, for they are quite as charming in private as in public.

The engagement of Professor Eugene Masson and Mademoiselle de la Plante, which has been the cause of many congratulations recently, was made public last week, and is to be followed by their marriage on the last day of the month. The ceremony will take place in Peterboro', where the bride-elect is now residing. Monsieur Masson has made a great many friends in Toronto, who admire his ability, his courtliness and his devotion to his profession. These friends will be glad to welcome his bride and to wish her and her bridegroom every happiness.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Mary Edith Graham, daughter of the late Dr. J. E. Graham and Mrs. Graham, and Mr. Charles Perley Smith. The ceremony takes place on Thursday, October 22, at half-past two o'clock, in the Metropolitan Church, and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's mother, 583 Church street.

"Pour dire adieu" has been the raison d'être of several pleasant little teas this week, given for Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, who are leaving for England tomorrow, via New York. On Monday Mrs. MacMahon, who is one of the best hostesses in Toronto, either for state functions or for the pleasant informalities of social life, gave an informal "five o'clocker," at which a very smart coterie began to say the good-byes which have been repeated several times during the week. The gracious hostess looked very handsome in a black and white gown, and was, as usual, the most cordial and perfect of welcome to her circle. The tea was worthy of the day, and both were delightful.

Mrs. Charles Macdonald of Cona Lodge (nee Magee of London) held her post-nuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday afternoons. The bride looked very pretty in the daintiest of cream white gowns, belaced and beribboned in the latest mode, and vastly becoming. With her in the drawing-room were her sister-in-law, Miss Macdonald, and Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald (nee Parfitt of London), a fellow-citizen of the bride in former years. Toronto certainly may acknowledge with becoming gratitude to London the less the bestowal of these two popular ladies. A great many friends called upon Mrs. Macdonald and enjoyed a cup of tea, served by a bevy of pretty girls in the dining-room, where the blinds were drawn, and a tea-table with many lights and pink roses was set with all sorts of tempting trifles, in addition to the magic "zestful onesies," as a wicker student nicknamed the bride-cake, in flippant jest on the god of dreams. Mrs. Macdonald will receive on Mondays during the season. The former day in the neighborhood was Tuesday, but since the ladies on the west side of Yonge have changed from Friday to Tuesday, and Spottless Town has also chosen Tuesday, it has become so overtaken a day that Monday is being adopted by some Tuesday hostesses, among others the ladies at Cona Lodge.

The visit of Sir Ian Hamilton was of great interest, not only to the military, but to everyone who loves and admires the highest type of soldier. Sir Ian carries the marks of his close neighborhood with death on the battlefield, and in his kindly eyes and sweet smile confesses that he is more than a fearless and indomitable soldier. There is the little twinkle that tells of fun, and springs of youth and good-will and the gentleness of voice and courtesy of manner that do not even hint of the baptism of fire that fell upon the Gordon Highlanders or the ill-fated Majuba Day and nearly wiped out young Ian Hamilton. During his brief visit in Toronto General Hamilton was entertained by the D.O.C. and officers at Stanley Barracks for dinner on Friday, after which the party went to the Armories, and the Scottish regiment paraded, and the South African veterans who were under Sir Ian in the Boer War formed up under Captain Barker and shook hands with the distinguished visitor. On Saturday General Hamilton was given a luncheon, and visited the O.J.C. meeting for a short time, returning to town for a small informal tea given at Colonel Otter's residence in Beverley street. The guests were only military men and their wives, as Mrs. Otter is not entertaining during her period of mourning for her sister. In the evening Colonel and Mrs. Davidson

gave a very pretty dinner for the general, at which his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Clark, Lady Kirkpatrick, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison were among the guests. Sir Kay Muir, brother-in-law of Sir Ian Hamilton, who is traveling with him, was also of the party. On Sunday morning at ten o'clock Colonel Pellatt took the two visitors and several friends across to Lewiston on the "Cruiser," and along the Gorge route to the Falls, after visiting which Sir Ian Hamilton and Sir Kay Muir took train for Washington. Colonel Pellatt's connection with the enterprise at present en train to utilize the power of the great cataract makes him the prince of intelligent and enthusiastic engineers, and the utility as well as the majestic loveliness of Niagara was duly demonstrated to the visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. O'Reilly of London, Ont., are removing their small household to Galt this week, at which place Mr. O'Reilly has been appointed manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Mrs. H. M. Pellatt received for the first time in many months on Monday, and will be at home next Monday also. Her friends are delighted to see her so well, as she looked particularly bright and cordial in her very elegant home on Monday.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Winn, with Mr. Gordon Jones, returned to Toronto from England on Sunday.

Mrs. Bunting is visiting in Ottawa and Montreal. Miss Ruth Fuller has returned from Buffalo, and looked extremely well at the races last week. Mrs. and Miss Seymour are also back from Port Hope, and were among the merry guests at the Kaye-Buchan wedding on Tuesday. Mrs. FitzGibbon (Lally Bernard) left with her young daughter for England last week. Her address is given as "Ladies' Empire Club, 69 Grosvenor street, London W."

Mrs. Albert Webb (formerly Alix Macdonald) will receive in her new home, 19 Madison avenue, on the second and third Fridays of the month during the season. Mr. and Mrs. Webb have only recently settled in Madison avenue.

Mrs. Thomas Rennie will receive her friends at "Morningside," Swansea, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month throughout the season.

A quiet but interesting wedding was celebrated in St. John's Church, Portland street, on Wednesday, September 30.

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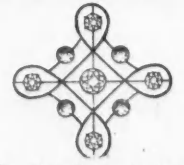
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chiffon hat to match, was given away by her brother, Mr. William G. Atkinson, while her sister, Miss Clara Atkinson, acted as bridesmaid. A great many friends of the bride and groom witnessed the ceremony. The groom's present to the bride was a pearl crescent, with stars, and to the bridesmaid a pearl crescent. The groom was ably assisted by his brother, Mr. Frank F. M. Brown. Many useful and handsome presents testified to the esteem in which the young couple are held by their numerous friends.

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THE END OF DESIRE.

By ROBERT HERRICK.

HE had had many strong desires in his life, and God had given him joy of his desires in full measure, more than is the fortune of most men. Being an animal healthy in all parts, he had known the keen zest of appetite, and he had never become sated, using himself and his pleasures wisely with the instinctive restraint of uncorrupted blood. Nevertheless he had turned hither and thither, back and forth upon the earth, on the pleasant errands of this life, and each avenue trod by him touched a new vista of quick desires. There was no end to his joy.

He had dealt kindly with whomsoever he had crossed in the pursuit of his manifold desires—of that kindness, born of good food and drink well digested, that takes pleasure in the giving of it and believes that all men thirst alike for joy. Moreover, from the beginning, he had done the work appointed for him, and he had done it with a cheerful will. That little was asked of his hands was beyond his concern. He accomplished his tasks joyfully, and an easy labor yielded abundance, even riches. Thus states and climates furnished him with their best delights; the cycle of the year was too brief to hold them all.

Hence it follows that he was much loved and envied, placed high in the esteem of other men, and given of their best in matter and spirit. The enjoyment of this pleasant fortune caused him at rare moments even to envy himself, and to wonder that the sojourn on this earth, ill-spoken of by many, should have offered such a smiling face to him. But this rarely; for he was not given to reflection. To live, with him, was to desire, and to desire was to satisfy. Thus he lived in an unbroken circle, and beyond was pushed ever further away, beyond the distant years.

So it went with him for a long time. Then one day he fell ill of a fever, and woke to find himself in the neat, cool room of a hospital. He could remember nothing since the day he had walked last in the city with some friends, and he called the nurse to him to question her. His eye happening to rest upon his hand, which lay white and nerveless beside him, he demanded a mirror. The nurse held one before his face; for he could not stretch forth his arm to take it; and against the glassy surface of the mirror he saw a strange man, one with deep, sunken, misty eyes, pallid face and shrunken neck. A long, thick mustache drooped heavily at either side of the sunken mouth.

He would have turned himself to the wall, but lacked the strength. Within the hard surface of the mirror there had lurked an image, pale and wan; he knew that he had seen the end of desire! So he lay in the bare and silent room, his eyes fastened to the distant ceiling. When the doctor came and found him lying with vacant eyes at rest upon the ceiling, he greeted the sick man jovially, and pressed his hand with friendly warmth.

"We shall have you out soon!" he exclaimed. But the sick man, his eye falling on his thin hand in the doctor's powerful fist, remarked indifferently: "It seems very empty."

"What—your stomach?" joked the doctor. "No, no; my arm. Can't you see? Are you empty, too, doctor?"

"You must sleep," the doctor responded hastily. "I am not tired," the sick man answered. "I seem to have slept a great deal. But I am empty—like a vast jar, a cool and quiet jar."

The doctor smiled, and glanced at the patient's chart.

"And this room is empty!" the sick man continued. "The shadows stalk back and forth across the ceiling, and the air dances. Do you not feel how empty it is? Are the streets and the town outside, also, empty?"

But the doctor had slipped away with a word to the nurse. The patient lay in the pleasant silence of the empty room and thought of nothing, for a number of days, content with the ceiling and the empty shadows, neither asking questions nor heeding those about him. The shrunken frame began to fill once more with flesh and blood, but the eye remained within the arbor of the dark brows and would not look forth.

One night, as he lay there awake, neither thinking nor dreaming, he heard from the corridor a groan, and later another sorrowful groan.

"Someone is dying," he said to himself calmly. A nurse passed through the corridor, opened and closed a door, and again the hours began broodingly their travel toward the dawn. Just as the gray light was coming over the ceiling the nurse entered the room.

"Someone has died," he asked. The pale and weary girl started at the question and dropped the glass she held. "Someone has just died?" he repeated tranquilly. "You have been with him while he died, and have just now come from him?"

"Yes," she admitted, the tears starting from her eyes. "Yes, another one to-night. And to-morrow, that is to-day, there will be another—many, many others. It is awful!"

She bent her tired head upon her arm and rested beside the window; her tears flowed gently.

"Why do you care?" the sick man asked coldly. "They are content, no doubt." "They are somebody's children," she answered softly. "Somebody's fathers or mothers. They might be mine!"

In the dawn by the open window he could see her figure tremble. "So you have a father and a mother," he observed idly. "Where are they?"

"At home, very far away." Her little story was soon told. They were poor in the home "very far away," and she had left them two years before to come to the city for work. She had longed to see the city! It was very wonderful, all said; but, fearful and shy, she had seen it only from the high windows of the hospital. And the desire to see the city was swallowed up now in the greater desire to see her home again, to fulfill which she saved the meagre dol-

lars of her wage.

"When will you go back? Soon?" he asked politely. "Maybe in another year, if I am lucky," she answered with a sigh, and dragged herself from the window where she leaned.

"Why don't they come for you and take you home?" "All they have to live upon is what I send them, week by week, and that is—little."

At last he asked: "You desire it very much? To go home? To see them again?"

"Oh!" She gave a little aspiring sigh. "Do you know the country? Where we live among the mountains there are tall blue peaks, and still valleys, and great forests."

"Some desolate spot in the backwoods hills," he said to himself, "where the frogs answer one another in the creek, and the flies buzz all day long."

"In the spring," she continued, her eyes flashing, all weariness gone, "the mountains are covered with purple flowers. They run like flames up and down the valley. And some morning you see in the mist on the hillside the pinky branches of the peach trees. They are like the dresses of a queen, so gay and pink."

Her words stirred the man's memories of forgotten scenes—tropical twilights, nights on the Alps, a great dawn in the midst of the sea—old pictures that once filled his heart with joy and wonder, but that hung now like paintings out of fashion in the disused galleries of his soul.

"You are overworked," he observed when she was silent, dreaming of that valley home. "Get me my things," he ordered suddenly; "my watch and purse. They have—when they away in that drawer behind the door."

The little nurse brought his watch and purse, fingering in childish wonder the long, thin chain and the many rings and seals.

"It is very beautiful!" she murmured. He took the heavy pocket-book from her, and with trembling fingers emptied it upon the bed. His hand fastened upon a sheaf of banknotes.

"They look very old and yellow," he mused, fingering the bills with curiosity. "I must have lain here asleep a long time! I remember getting them at the bank the day before I became ill. They were bright and crisp enough then!" he laughed. "Here," he exclaimed excitedly, almost roughly, "take this and go at once—to-day. You can go to-day, can't you?"

He thrust a thin, yellowish bill toward the little nurse. She drew back, as if frightened by his rude energy, and the ready tears came to her eyes. "You are good! So very good. But I cannot take it."

She covered her eyes with her fingers, lest the yellow banknote might tempt her sight. "Why not? why not?" he panted. "It's enough, isn't it? I mean enough to take you there to the land's end where the flowers grow all over the mountains? And you've wanted for two years to go home. Two years! My God! To want anything for two years! What a chance!"

She still drew away from his outthrust hand which held the trembling bill. "I cannot take your money, no matter how much—I want it," she gasped. "It is nothing, child," he urged. "A bit of paper with marks printed on its face. You see there are others like it—and I want none of them. Come! It will take you there to the wonderful mountains and back, and you can get some presents for your people. You must take them something, of course."

He urged his gift gently, pleadingly: "It is only a bit of paper, a pass," he said, "and it is no good at all unless you are the right one, the one meant to have it, and then it unlocks everything. I think you are the one meant—it is your pass—and it is no longer good for me," he ended with something like a groan. "So take your pass while you can use it."

Still she held back. "Child," he pleaded further. "Do this to give me a bit of joy. There is nothing in this wide, wide world I want as you have wanted this for two years. Just think of it! Perhaps you could make me believe I was going, too—make me believe I wanted to go. So, child, you see it's nothing but a kind deed to me."

The face of the little nurse worked nervously. She let her fingers fall from before her eyes, and looked eagerly at the magic strip of paper. It seemed to bring all the things she had longed for most and had seen afar off within the touch of her hand. Her cheeks flushed with desire.

"And, child," the man added, perceiving some possible woman's motive in this hesitation, "you need not think that I give it. It is your pass, and it has dropped from heaven in your path this fine spring morning. God, up aloft there, has felt the passion of your desire and answered it. Not that I am the kind of messenger God might choose ordinarily," he hastened to add with a whimsical smile. "But they say He uses strange messengers sometimes. And, at the worst, this messenger will not harm you, my child."

He patted her dubious hand encouragingly, and smiled up at her. The quick, cunning, irresistible desire flushed her face, and left her speechless. Suddenly she fell upon her knees beside the bed and kissed the man's hand and cried childish tears of joy and pain.

"Tut, tut, child," he said. "You make too much of it. Tell me again how the misty hills look when the peach trees blossom. . . . And, now, pull up the shade. I want to see if it is the same outdoors as always."

She obeyed him, and with a startled face, like one in full course of a dream, went out and shut the door. The man lay in the calm room, remote from every desire, and watched the sun creep up the walls to the ceiling.

He thought that God had ordered the conditions of life very wisely, so that most of His creatures being poor and weak could get the full satisfaction of their desires only at rare moments. A two years' longing would make sharp

joy! He saw some wisdom in a world of strife and want.

II.

He lay there content for some days longer. The little nurse, with hat on her head and traveling bag in her hand, slipped into his room to say good-by, but finding his lids down, kissed his fingers gently instead. Later, men of business came to see him and asked this and suggested that; invariably he nodded his head and smiled. It seemed to him that they made much of nothing, but he was courteously grateful to them for their kindly interest in the trivial. Yet he might have remembered the days when he found some meaning in the commonest acts of the business day, and trotted back and forth among men with all the zest of a lively dog who carries a basket cleverly between his teeth.

Finally the doctor came to him—the doctor who was his friend—and said cheerily: "The spring is getting on. We must turn you out of this and pack you away to your country place, and let you watch the blossoms open. You're all fit, my friend, only a little burned out by that quick fever."

Then it was arranged that he should return to his pleasant country home beyond the city, and that a young interne of the hospital should make him a long visit, to keep him company and watch over him. The day before he was to leave for his country place, the placid hospital room he was wheeled out upon the terrace beside the wing of the building that he might sniff the May tonic in the air, and gain strength before taking his journey. There, upon the terrace, he saw many patients from the public wards, convalescents, lying in long chairs or shuffling to and fro. They were dressed in motley blanket wraps, and the men were unshaven. When the stranger, gracefully dressed and freshly shaved, was wheeled among them, the convalescents stared at him with languid, invalid curiosity; and he stared back with a fleeting thought upon the irony of unequal distribution, thrusting its face among the sick and feeble.

His eyes rested upon one immovable bundle huddled in the shelter of the wall. An old, wrinkled and painful face emerged at the top of the bundle. The man's eyelids opened and shut automatically, and his breath came feebly with much effort. He was a consumptive.

A young girl, with a flaming bit of ribbon on her hat, had come to visit him—doubtless a daughter. Her vivid, restless eyes followed the stranger rather than the consumptive's bloodless face. He watched her with understanding, uncritical eyes. He knew that she turned to life and sought to avoid the look of death. Soon she went, and the stranger spoke to the consumptive.

"This is fine weather for us all," he said. "It makes—no difference. It is—all the same," gasped the consumptive spasmodically.

"Oh," he replied, good-naturedly, "to-morrow you will feel differently."

"Even they say that no longer. I care not."

"Your daughter, eh? You would not leave that pretty girl alone?"

The consumptive's lips trembled, and he interrupted shrilly: "She will go as her mother went. I cannot save her!"

Between gasps he told his fears to the sympathetic stranger. This daughter, the sole child of a weak woman who had abandoned her and him, was now unfolding the meretricious bloom of her mother.

"But she must even take what lies inside her," the consumptive ended indifferently. "I can do no more now."

"Suppose someone should take your place? Should do for the girl all that can be done? Give her a good home and start her well?"

For a moment the sharp-set features of the consumptive relaxed, and his eyelids stayed open.

"She might be saved!" he whispered. "But who can do that now?"

"I!" the stranger exclaimed. "You?" the consumptive asked wonderingly. "Why, why do you—Ah, well, I don't know. She must suffer as all do in this life."

The momentary passion died from his face, and he sank back numb. Soon he roused himself and said complainingly: "The sun has gone—I am cold. Why doesn't someone wheel me into the sun away from this cold wall?"

The stranger moved him gently into the sunlight, perceiving that illness had mercifully simplified life for him and reduced his desires to a few that might easily be satisfied.

That night the consumptive died, in great peace, the breath fading from him easily. The stranger, as he left the hospital, asked to see the dead one. The body lay in the morgue—a cold, white room.

"Here, again," thought the man, while he gazed at the composed features of the corpse, "God has ordered wisely this difficult matter of breaking with life. He takes from us each desire, one by one, and leaves us with a calm vacancy of content, unmoved by the tenderest passions of our hearts. And this great gift of peace, He gives at last generously to all!"

Nevertheless, there was the living woman to be cared for by living hands.

III.

"Spring in a pleasant land, among the trees, above a broad river! What more can man dream of?"

So pondered the idle invalid pacing back and forth between the tulip-beds of his garden. What more? He carried an open letter, written in a childish scrawl. Some lines glowed and quickened his blood.

"The rhododendron flames like fire over the mountain-sides, and the peach blossoms are like perfumed gowns. It ended with a shy girl's bit of sentiment: 'I hope they will give me my old ward at the hospital; it will not be so lonely there, when I go back next month.'"

The pleasant smile on his face faded quickly as he thought: "She is near the end of her candy now, and another box will never seem so good as that one. When she goes back to the hospital round, her heart will be warm for a few days, and then she will, like all the rest, try to get enough fun to make the work go down."

He turned to the agreeable young interne, who was also strolling in the garden. "My friend, read this and tell me what you make of the girl."

"Ah," the interne answered, rapidly scanning the writing, "the little drudge—that's what the nurses called her. Not very clever or attractive."

"An unattractive, dull woman has no right to exist!"

"I suppose not—ultimately the variants from the type will be extinguished. I mean that complex type we call a national ideal—in matters of sex selection varied, but singularly tenacious. When that elimination takes place, I think—"

"Friend"—his host waved a hand distractingly—"spare me. You clever youngsters describe the universe in a hideous vocabulary. You call it science, and worship it. It is a disease. My little drudge has a heart; she feels and sees things; she desires! Isn't that better than a ripe figure and a smooth skin—I mean for the race, my boy, for the race?"

The young interne smiled indulgently at his host's foolery, and fingered a letter of his own, one of many that he received.

"Perhaps," continued his host, "you have daily evidence to fortify your mind against me?"

The young man blushed. "Why, yes. She is beautiful, oh, so rarely beautiful, and she has a heart, too, as big as the land we live in!"

"Tell me," his host urged gently. "I believe I am getting an interest in hearts, as a collector. Can you match my drudge?"

The young doctor flashed a scornful defiance at his host's comparison, but yielded to his own wish to tell of her. She was the one most admired in the little town where he had grown up and where his parents lived. For her favor he had hoped and struggled against many competitors through the years at college. Others were richer than he, and all more light-hearted and companionable, but he had won her heart.

The host refrained from asking questions, although he knew that more was behind the simple tale. Meantime he thought of the oddity of men, who strive with one another for women, and are proud to carry away the prize as at a county fair—the prize of the hour, that must fade and grow less year by year!

When the young man's country belle had reached the ripeness of her powers, the mother of his children, would it not seem strange to him to look back and know that he had sought her, in part at least, because she had been the prize of his day? In love, it seemed, as in all else, the worth of the thing desired was largely lent to it by public esteem. So merchants stock their stores, and few customers give them the lie and refuse their goods. So brave young men strive for the Helen of their city and of their day, and count it honor to carry her away.

But he was too wise to tell his thoughts, and the young man cleared his throat and answered expectations. "Yes, I said she had a heart! She knows I want to marry her more than anything in the world, but she wants me to go abroad and study, do that work I was telling you about the other day, and not tie myself down first."

"But I don't know. She isn't very happy at home, and two years is a long time, and I could start right in there at home and make a living from the first. It's hard to tell what is best."

Generally speaking, that was the truth, his kindly host reflected, deeply interested in the old conflict between the ideal of fame and the ideal of home. The young doctor was one of those who their elders say have "a future." The young man knew it, and the thought of that had comforted him many a dreary day in the exclusive Eastern hospital where the unknown doctor who had no family name that chimed when anyone spoke it, had been made to feel that it was better to be born to a good name in this life, though you be a fool, than to be a genius. Now, should he demonstrate to the supercilious that he was a genius, or marry and get his comfort and happiness, which lay three hundred miles southwest in a little river town of Pennsylvania?

The young man's brows knit, as his eyes searched the dark Sphinx, that knowing beast who never answers! "I should do as she says," the host advised cautiously. "Fame will not prick you far, but she will!"

A revelation of existence, as the mad dance of atoms in obedience to the call of the mothers of the race, crossed his fancy. Evidently the thing to do was to dance hard, and win one of the mothers of the race at the end.

"If I could only take her over, too. But I shall have to borrow the money to take myself over, even!"

He did not know what a temptation he was placing before his kindly host. The latter itched for his check-book; a month before, when he had spoken with the little nurse, he would have yielded inconsiderately with the crude wish to make mere joy. Now he refrained, wisely declining to interfere with the fabric of Fate until he was more sure of the result. The world hinged on that dance.

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of atoms the young man was about to undertake, at least for the young man.

It took wisdom to put a finger in the loom and reshape the fabric; and this rich man, who had seen the end of desire, began to doubt his wisdom.

So he answered gently: "We must have her here to make a visit. My sister will write to her at once."

The young doctor's thanks rang out joyously. "You will make me jealous, sir, for she will like you tremendously."

"Would you marry a woman who couldn't make you jealous?" his host asked blandly.

The evening glow lay upon the valley at their feet, filling it with peace. The one disturbing element in the scene was the evening train winding its way slowly up grade from the distant city, bearing messages and fruits out of the turmoil.

At the height of the grade it stopped and puffed a while, and then passed on around the hill to other horizons.

The two men thought their thoughts each to himself. The young doctor dreamily fancied his fair Helen queening it in the little river town; he pictured her here in this comfortable mansion. He pictured her in his arms, and the world held not one thing more for him.

But the older man, dreaming in the exquisite evening peace, recalled that on the next day he must return to the city, which seemed to him now to be a very caldron of hell. They wrote him from the city that some men whom he had trusted, taking advantage of his long absence from his usual haunts, had cheated him, and were endeavoring to take a still larger part of his wealth.

Moreover, a friend whom he had loved for years, and with whom he had shared some joyous feasts, had lately fallen into a vice that was eating the life out of him. Furthermore, certain men had appealed to him to help them in a good act—an act that would be good for all their fellows without one jot of self-gain or self-glory to any one of them.

He hated to leave the blessed peace of his valley. He remembered with wonder how in the years gone from him he would have leapt up to revenge himself upon those who had cheated him, and would have pursued them with the exultant ferocity of an Apache. That was life, he would have said. And he remembered how he had drunk with his friend very many pleasant wines, each drop of which had turned to rank poison and corrupted that friend's mind and body. That was life, he would have said, and tossed a light word about the curse of heredity. And he remembered that he had never done in all his life an unrequited act for his fellows, without the expectation of praise and social payment; for such was life, he would have said—a bargain and a sale between man and man.

Now he felt the lie of all such common belief; that was not life. The robber must be tracked and punished, but not because hate would be appeased. The drunkard must be nursed and shielded, but not for the sake of past feasts. And good deeds must be done by the idle and full-handed, but secretly, and not for the glory and the esteem they might bring.

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"Where in it all, in this fabric of Fate, did he come?" he asked himself faintly. And he knew not and cared less, for he had come to the End of Desire, which is the Beginning of Wisdom.

Brannigan—The doctor told me to get a porous plaster for me stomach. Drug-gist—Yes, sir; what sort do you want? Brannigan—'Tis little I care what sort it is so long as 'tis a little digested.—Catholic "Standard and Times."



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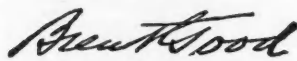
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MORGAN'S "Types of Canadian Women Past and Present," the work so long promised by the distinguished Ottawa gazetteer and so eagerly anticipated by the public, proves to be a sumptuous book and a genuine repository of Canadian beauty and cleverness. This is but the first volume of a work which, if carried to its legitimate conclusion, as we hope it may be, will be a monumental addition to the already useful researches of Mr. Henry James Morgan in the personalia of Canadian society, past and contemporary. Mr. Morgan's indefatigable labors in compiling such vast stores of detailed and accurate biographical data as contained in "Canadian Men and Women of the Time" and the present work, can surely only be measured and understood by himself. That he brings to his work something over and above energy, perseverance and what one might call a passion for accuracy is patent to the discriminating and critical reader. Mr. Morgan is more than a mere delver. He is a rare historical scholar and a master of literary expression. To this part of the applause which has attended what might otherwise have been a dry-as-dust and wholly thankless task.

"Types of Canadian Women Past and Present" is appropriately dedicated to the Right Honorable Isabella Sophia, Baroness Strathcona and Mount Royal, a distinguished compatriot as to whose personality the average Canadian knows comparatively little, but possesses no small curiosity. The Baroness Strathcona, whose portrait is the first in the book after that of the Princess Louise, was a Miss Hardisty, daughter of an official of the Hudson's Bay Company. "A woman of retiring and unassuming nature," writes Mr. Morgan, "Lady Strathcona has yet ably seconded her illustrious husband in his many acts and schemes for the benefit of his fellowmen and has herself subscribed liberally on many occasions. Quite recently she, in conjunction with her daughter, gave \$100,000 to McGill University for the erection of a new wing to its Medical Building. Throughout she has exercised a large and gracious hospitality and in Canada is especially esteemed and loved. Her ladyship was presented to the King and Queen March 13, 1903."

The "types" included in Mr. Morgan's work are, as he himself declares, mainly of two races, of two orders of civilization, two great systems of belief and worship. They represent three centuries and many marked contrasts of fashion and convention. They are of every class, from royalty to that of the "humble geosie" and the ranks of industry. Among them are women worthy to be called saints—those "Servantes de Dieu en Canada" (as one writer happily entitles them), who for the love of God and the salvation of souls, the relief of the poor and suffering and the help of strained toilers, gave up luxurious homes and the attractions of a refined society.

Of another character, though of the same proud stock, were those in whose conscious veins throbbed the blood of soldiers and who in the hour of peril shrank not from the soldier's fate. . . . When the old order changed, the old manners and morals, thanks to these good ladies, and to those who walked in their footsteps, remained with us. Sons of both races, worthy of such mothers, fought shoulder to shoulder for their common home against a common foe.

Not all of the women honored by a place in these pages are in the strictest sense Canadians. But all have had some personal interest in or connection with Canada. And in this sense the broad and comprehensive use of the phrase "Canadian types" is justified.

The book is issued from the presses of William Briggs, and is a creditable piece of work, the beautiful half-tones being finely brought out on heavy coated paper, while the binding is chaste, simple and rich.

"A Pleasure Book of Grindelwald," by Daniel P. Rhodes (New York: The Macmillan Company. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., Limited), is a sumptuously printed album of Alpine views and at the same time a racy written description of the delights of life in the little commune of Grindelwald, in the heart of the Bernese Oberland. Grindelwald signifies barrier-wood, and the term is applied to a valley and to a whole district.

Origin

Of a Famous Human Food.

The story of great discoveries or inventions is always of interest.

An active brain worker who found himself hampered by lack of bodily strength and vigor and could not carry out the plans and enterprises he knew how to conduct was led to study various foods and their effects upon the human system. In other words, before he could carry out his plans he had to find a food that would carry him along and renew his physical and mental strength.

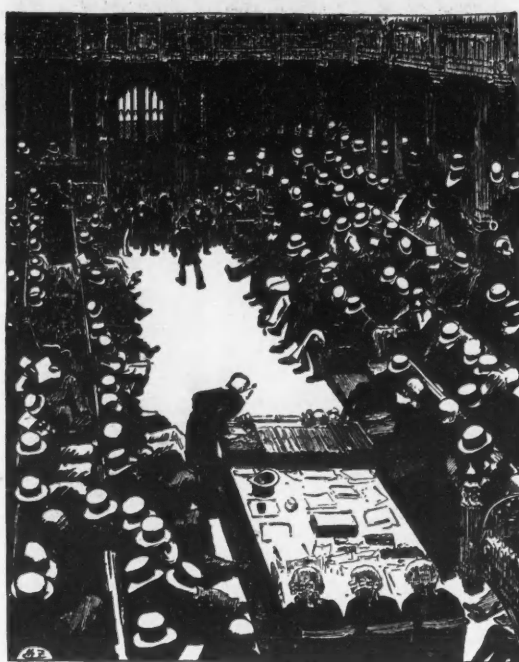
He knew that a food that was a brain and nerve builder (rather than a mere fat maker) was universally needed. He knew that meat with the average man does not accomplish the desired results. He knew that the soft gray substance in brain and nerve centers is made from Albumen and Phosphate of Potash obtained from food. Then he started to solve the problem.

Careful and extensive experiments evolved Grape-Nuts, the now famous food. Grape-Nuts contain the brain and nerve building food elements in condition for easy digestion. The result of eating Grape-Nuts daily is easily seen in a marked sturdiness and activity of the brain and nervous system, making it a pleasure for one to carry on the daily duties without fatigue or exhaustion. The food is in no sense a stimulant, but is simply food which renews and replaces the daily waste of brain and nerves.

Its flavor is charming and being fully and thoroughly cooked at the factory it is served instantly with cream.

The signature of the brain worker spoken of, C. W. Post, is to be seen on each genuine package of Grape-Nuts. Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

The Center of the Political Storm in England.



The English House of Commons as sketched from a private box by Harry Furniss. (Gladstone speaking.)

as well as to a village. The Grindelwald which the traveler carries away in his thoughts is "the secluded and uppermost part of the valley extending up to the Great Scheidegg Pass." Mr. Rhodes writes most entertainingly of the scenery, of mountain climbing, of Swiss character, of the sports and of a thousand and one features of popular or scientific interest, of which the untraveled are curious to know something. Most interesting and most terrible are the passages descriptive of the dangers and delights of mountain climbing. How suggestive, for example, are these directions:

"I. When you take your place between the two guides, see that the rope is securely fastened around your body under the arms, so that if you fall and are held on the rope, you will be right side up and in no danger of slipping out of the noose.

"II. In ascending do not take very long or rapid steps, interspersed with pauses for rest. The heart and lungs and muscles will bear a greater strain if it be a fairly uniform strain. . . . You should never be without a bottle of water or very weak tea, in addition to wine or spirits.

"III. On every slope of snow or ice, whether you are crossing it or ascending or descending it, the body should be held in an upright position. If you shrink from the steep drop on the outer side and lean in toward the mountain, your feet may easily slip from under you; if in descending you sit down on the snow you are in danger of beginning a glissade."

Speaking of the views from mountain tops, Mr. Rhodes says: "I, at least, will agree with those mountaineers of my acquaintance who find these views for the most part disappointing. One expects much. . . . From these great heights the glaciers and snowslopes below often look quite flat; the lakes and the bottoms of valleys are so distant that their color has faded, while not enough of detail remains to carry suggestiveness."

The third volume of the "Annual Financial Review" for Canada is to hand, being "a carefully revised précis of facts regarding Canadian securities," compiled by W. R. Houston. This book is a useful compendium of information for business men, concerning the following subjects: Montreal and Toronto stock exchanges, representative brokers, public accounts of Canada, trade and navigation, assurance companies, world's wheat supply, gold and silver holdings of European banks, Canadian chartered banks, guarantee companies, industrial, land, loan mortgage and savings companies, light and power companies, mining companies, rails, street railways, trust, telephone, telegraph, cable, navigation companies, etc. The book is clearly printed on good paper and substantially bound. William Briggs is the local publisher.

Professor W. P. Trent criticizes, in the October-December "Forum," the "Two Estimates of Browning," recently published by Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. Chesterton. His conclusion, on the whole, is that Mr. Chesterton's book is the more entertaining and suggestive, and Mr. Brooke's the more solid and valuable.

"The Under World in Books," by Josiah Flynt, is a striking and valuable article in the "Reader" for October. Mr. Flynt covers the whole field of Under World (i.e. tramp) literature, and in a thoroughly entertaining manner gives the attitude of members of the Under World towards the books written about them, both by themselves and by outsiders.

In his review of "Foreign Affairs" in the October-December "Forum," Mr. A. Maurine Low discusses the political influence of the death of Pope Leo XIII., and of the visits of President Loubet to England and King Edward to Ireland. He also deals with Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals, German Socialism and the Macedonian outbreak.

One of those rarely delicate studies of a young girl's nature to which French talent sometimes turns itself with such marvelous success is made by Jean Alcard in his novel, "Tata," which appeared recently as a serial in "Les Annales." The heroine is the daughter of a rich bourgeois of Toulon, and the foil to her gentle self-devotion is furnished by her brother, a would-be musical genius, for whose "career" in Paris the family resources are slowly but steadily drained. The story has been translated especially for the "Living Age," and is to run for several months in that magazine, having begun with the number for September 19.

A unique bit of journalism is the "Blondin Critic," a paper devoted to the interests of Hardy, the well-known Ca-

nadian rope-walker. It is a neat eight-page sheet, well illustrated, and edited by Mr. E. S. Jackson, well known in typographical circles in Toronto. R. G. McLean is the printer.

The refusal of the Colombian Senate to ratify the Panama Canal treaty has brought into renewed prominence the question of the Isthmian Canal and the route to be chosen. An article in the October "Current Literature" states very clearly the advantages and disadvantages of each route, and gives all the facts necessary for an understanding of the situation. In fiction there is a charming love story of Japan, by Onoto Watanna, and a humorous bear story by Captain Allen Kelly. There are short appreciations of the prominent men of the hour, such as Elihu Root, Governor Taft, Felix Mottl, new musical director of the Grand Opera Company; Jacob A. Riis, whom President Roosevelt called "the most useful citizen of New York"; and Jacques Lebaudy, the Frenchman who is even now attempting to found a new empire.

The Unpopularity of Whiskers.

COMMENTING on the fact that Governor Alexander Monroe Dockery has just divested his countenance of a celebrated and almost immortal set of whiskers, the New York "Sun" says: "The twentieth century is beginning somewhat as the nineteenth century began, though, of course, not so strictly and universally smooth, but it is doubtful if it will run parallel through all its quarters with its predecessor. There were no mustaches, no beards, when the nineteenth century dawned. Side whiskers began to curl and sprout before it had run far in its course, and they grew bolder after a time and encircled the throat and chin, leaving bare the upper lip. The lip was submerged about 1860, and in the later years of destruction was last to yield to the assaults of the barber. The human countenance began to exhibit itself again not long after the war, and from that time down to the very recent past the unsupported mustache was the prevailing mode. Now fashion is changing again, so that the young men are commonly completely shaved, and their fathers have covered lips. The youth of to-day have the weight of civilized precedent with them. An examination of the family albums of the last four centuries will demonstrate that the unwhiskered have had by far the better of it. For nearly two hundred



How an abscess in the Fallopian Tubes of Mrs. Hollinger was removed without a surgical operation.

"I had an abscess in my side in the fallopian tube (the fallopian tube is a connection of the ovaries). I suffered untold misery and was so weak I could scarcely get around. The sharp burning pains low down in my side were terrible. My physician said there was no help for me unless I would go to the hospital and be operated on. I thought before that I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which, fortunately, I did, and it has made me a stout, healthy woman. My advice to all women who suffer with any kind of female trouble is to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once."

—Mrs. IRA S. HOLLINGER, Stillview, Ohio.—\$5000 for full original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

It would seem by this statement that women would save time and much sickness if they would get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and also write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free and always helps. No other person can give such helpful advice as Mrs. Pinkham to women who are sick.

The Ideal Beverage

should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

LABATT'S

India Pale Ale

is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.

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With a Twenty Year Reputation Behind Them.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and Foul's Medicated Arsenic Soap.

These World-Famous remedies never fail to cure Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Liver Spots, Muddy, Sallow Skin, Redness of face or nose, and all other blemishes, whether on the Face, Neck, Arms or Body. They brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedies on earth can, and they do it quickly. Wafers, by mail, \$1; Soap, 50c. Address all orders to H. B. FOULD, Room 3, 214 6th Avenue, NEW YORK or 20 Glen Road, Toronto, Can. Dept. N.

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Edwin C. Burt

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Are you looking for a reliable cream for the face? Thacker's Creme Veloutee has just been put on the market after two years' private sale. Sold by Burgess-Powell; W. H. Lee, King Edward Drug Store; G. A. Bingham.

years of that time the beard was not permitted to sprout. A great deal of encouragement for the shaven but ambitious young man may be found in the Presidency of the United States. From the beginning with Washington down to Lincoln's time whiskers found lodgment in the White House only three times, and in every case they were of the remote variety known as sideboards, which offered no considerable obstruction to the observation of the faces to which they were linked. John Quincy Adams presented a stubborn pair, Martin Van Buren were amiable in their moods, and Zachary Taylor's were evidently the unobtrusive expression of a fancy for trim-

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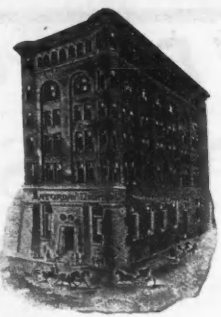
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Or 'Phone Park 905.

Lincoln inaugurated the bearded era, which was carried on by Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur (with Dandys), and Harrison, though Harrison yielded not a little of his expanse before he retired from office. Cleveland was the first mustached President and Roosevelt the second, while McKinley preserved the tradition of the smooth face.

Little Ozro—Paw, what is a chamber of horrors? Farmer Bentover—Wa-al, good land, Ozzie! Don't you know what your maw's spare bedroom looks like—"Puck."



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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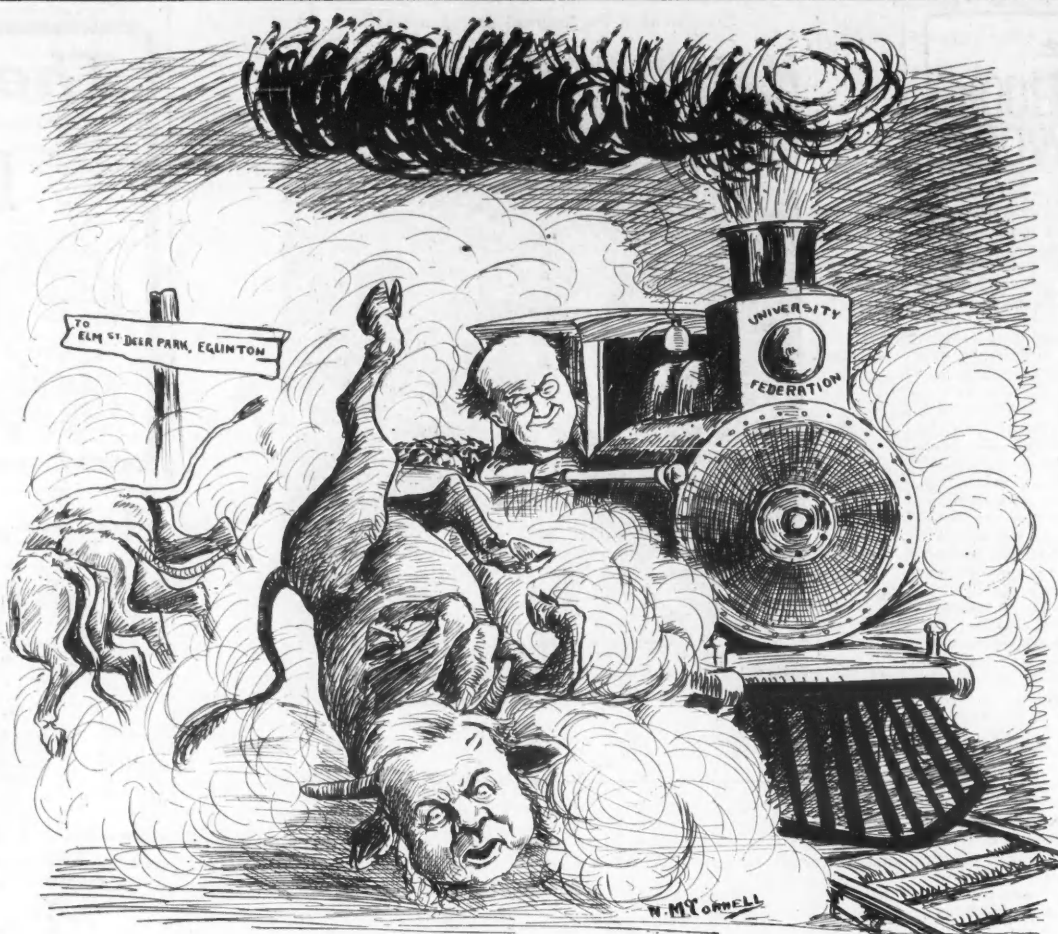


Generally speaking, there is no doubt that the most artistic, satisfying and memorable dramatic entertainments, year by year, are furnished by English actors and companies. Why this is the case it might be hard to explain. That it is so is admitted—and regretted—by the New York critics themselves. Once more there has been an exemplification of the rule in the performance of "The Light That Failed" by Mr. Forbes Robertson and company. This eminent English actor, who has played in America before, but never hitherto in Toronto, at his very first appearance made an impression, perfectly indelible, upon the local theater-going public. It was the same last year with Mr. Martin Harvey. It is the same every year with some English artist who comes to America and affords our audiences the joy of an artistry more subtle, more moving, more thorough, than this continent, with all its managerial acumen, its thousands of theaters and innumerable circuits, its Theatrical Trust with huge profits, unlimited resources and superb organization, seems capable of producing. In America the drama is a business—a business gigantic, endless in its ramifications, which has built fortunes equal almost to those of Steel and Standard Oil. In England the drama seems to be still on the footing of an art.

"The Light That Failed" has drawn great audiences and afforded untold pleasure to thousands of Torontonians. Yet as a drama it is imperfect and unlikely to survive long the uses of Mr. Robertson himself. Like nearly every play founded on a novel, it is episodic and lacks dramatic stamina and vitality. It is the rule of Kipling's immense originality, and over and above this the potent acting of Mr. Robertson and his associates, that gives the piece a factitious hold on popular favor. Mr. Robertson is, to a striking extent, an exponent of naturalism. There is nothing stagey in his work. Yet it is full of delicate and intuitive grace—even at times subtle and fugitive. The moment when he is most in rapport with his audience, the moment in the drama which will be most vividly recalled by the majority of witnesses, is that moment when, painting madly at his masterpiece, Dick Helder goes blind. The subtle suggestiveness and tragic force with which Mr. Robertson works along to this awful culmination, stamp his genius as of a high order indeed. The play, which is the work of Miss Constance Fletcher, is founded on the later and revised version of Kipling's story, and so ends happily—a justifiable if transparent concession to the cheap sentiment of "the masses."

Rivalry there has been in stageland this week. Notwithstanding that fact every tribute has been paid to that clever actress, Miss Isabel Irving, appearing at the Grand in "The Crisis," in which play she visited Toronto last March. In dramatizing his very successful novel, Mr. Churchill has overlooked nothing that could with advantage be utilized. Thousands have read with pleasure this story founded on history and fact. In the play a lighter vein is allowed to penetrate through all the strength and depth that characterize the book. Some excellent portrayals of marked individualities are given by the different artists. Miss Irving as the daughter of Colonel Carvel and the idol of her home is indeed deserving of the honor which Mr. Hackett has done her in leaving entirely to her a free field for the play in which he starred so brilliantly. The scene, of course, is laid in the Southern States, and incidents in connection with the war between the North and South are introduced, while the play is supposed to extend over a period of five years. In the first act, when the Cavalier and the Puritan—the soldier of the South and the man from the North—met in 1857, Mr. Wilfred North as Stephen Brice at once commands respect, he displays such intensity of feeling in his abhorrence of the slavery that then existed, and stands so entirely on his dignity as he meets the vicissitudes that beset him; and in Mr. Seymour Rose as Clarence Colfax there is not a fault to be detected. They, like Miss Irving seem to be absolutely lacking in any form of self-consciousness and appear to live only in the time and in the strife created by war and the rumors of war. The roles of Judge Whipple, the eccentric lawyer, and his life-long friend, Colonel Carvel, are well taken by Mr. Joseph Brennan and Mr. Thomas A. Hall. The scenic effects are particularly fine in the second act, when Colonel Carvel's Southern country place in Glencoe is seen. In the love passages, Miss Irving seems so perfectly natural she is quite delightful. Very able support adds its quota to the success of this powerful production of "The Crisis," which has been greeted by crowded houses each night.

The most important feature of a variety theater is necessarily a competent aggregation of house musicians. Hitherto Shea's has been remarkable for its able and well-balanced orchestra. On Monday evening this organization was in very bad shape—discordant and altogether wretched to listen to. Miss Avery Strakosch, soprano soloist, had every reason to be highly indignant at the way her selections were butchered. We believe that it is absolutely necessary for performers to furnish full and complete orchestrations of their numbers, and that a leader has the privilege of refusing to "fake." There is, therefore, no just reason why such an outrageous rendition as that of Monday night should occur. Even their own overture was sadly dragged out, the brass side being particularly out of kilter. The "tableaux vivants" are a novelty here, and some very beautiful colored work and statuary posing is shown. The Colby Family, great favorites at Shea's, are here again. Little Beryl, the precocious kiddie with a large voice, sings "It Was the Dutch," and brings down the house, much to her delight and to the pride of papa and mamma. Isabelle Urquhart's artistic versatility is given excellent scope in the sketch "Even Stephen," which is considerably above the usual standard of this portion of the bill. Miss Urquhart is very ably assisted by Mr. H. S. Hockey, a competent comedian. Poor Billy Link means so well that one hasn't the heart to roast—but, please, Billy, when you call again have something really new. The usual acrobatic turn is left out of the bill this week, and in its place as an opening act appear Forbes and Forbes, alleged exponents of colored comedy. This is the least desirable turn we've had this season, being nothing but coarse nonsense which is not even entertaining. Monkeys in any form are funny enough, but the capers of



THE BULLS AND THE LOCOMOTIVE.

(Sequel to a cartoon of August 1st last.)

Engine-Driver Street-Macklem—You can't say that I didn't toot the whistle.

Galett's creatures are the limit. Most of the fun of this act is created by the wickedness of the monks, who positively refuse to do things as sophisticated monkeys should. Kenwick and Devere have a fair turn and the kinetograph closes the bill.

The Unity Dramatic Club has been reorganized this season and rehearsals are now being held for the November performance. The production will be "Kathleen Mavourneen," a charming Irish comedy drama in four acts. This will be given in aid of the building fund of St. Luke's Church, and will be held in the new hall adjoining the church. The membership list for this season includes Miss Eileen Kertland, Miss Dot Kirkpatrick, Miss Elsie Thorn, Miss R. Meyers, Miss G. Parsons, Miss Caesar, and Miss Mills; also the Messrs. J. Young, Hugh Smith, Arthur White, H. S. Tibbs, Jr., J. Henderson, V. Heron, O. Bridges, W. J. Rowland, and G. Kertland. The organization will be under the direction of Mr. W. J. Rowland of Manchester, England, and the general management of Mr. H. S. Tibbs, Jr. Performances will be given for benevolent purposes only, and already numerous requests and invitations for the coming season have been received.

The sale of the Princess Theater by the Canada Life Assurance Company to Mr. B. C. Whitney, son of the deceased lessee, Mr. C. J. Whitney, of Detroit, in no wise affects the local theatrical situation. Mr. O. B. Sheppard will continue to represent the Whitney interests, and Syndicate attractions will, as heretofore, be booked to this house.

Messrs. Fred G. Berger and R. G. Craerlin, who will give a complete production of Wilson Barrett's famous religious and historical drama, "The Sign of the Cross," at the Grand Opera House next week, have organized an uncommonly strong company for this powerful drama. It numbers forty players, selected for their ability in roles requiring strong dramatic action and eloquent delivery. The triumph of Christianity in its darkest days of oppression and persecution—the reign of Nero in Rome—makes a stirring subject for dramatic treatment. George Flood will impersonate the chief role of Marcus Superbus and his fine physical bearing and sterling qualities as an actor will undoubtedly secure a commanding success. Besides the usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, a special holiday matinee will be given on Thursday (Thanksgiving Day).

For next week Mr. Shea has secured Milly Capell, with her horses and dogs; Katherine Bloodgood, one of the most charming women in vaudeville and a great favorite in Toronto; Jules and Ella Garrison, Matthews and Asgley, Whitney Brothers, Clifford and Burke, and several others.

An unconscious tribute to the lasting qualities of the impressions of childhood was given last Sunday morning by the pastor of a certain church not one hundred miles from Toronto. In describing the throngs that gathered on the roadsides to see Christ pass by, he said, "In such gatherings rank and position counted for nothing; in the desire to see the Christ all those people were the same—rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief."



GOVERNMENT VS. OPPOSITION.

Heavyweights to take part in the by-election Rugby match, October 28th, best two out of three.

Lawn-Bowling.

THE contest to-day between the east and west promises to be a very hotly contested one. It augurs well for the interest taken in this match that Hamilton will be represented, and those who have played against the Ambitious City know that these bowlers are keen, ardent players, and without doubt the very essence of good fellows. It is expected that fully one hundred rinks will participate, in all four hundred bowlers.

New Toronto concluded their inter-club matches on the 3rd, and from all accounts finished their season in a blaze of glory. The success of this young club is due very much to the assistance rendered it by Messrs. Ritchie and Ramsay, who have spared neither time nor expense to foster the game in that vicinity. At the extreme east Kew Beach ended their year's play with a match President versus Vice-President, five rinks competing on each side. At the time limit a rather unusual conclusion was reached, namely, a tie game all round, necessitating an extra end, when Vice-President Abraham defeated President Gemmell amidst great excitement by 2 shots, thereby multiplying the president for the cost of the annual supper held the same evening in the club-house, when a most enjoyable time was spent.

Queen City was taken into camp by Grimsby Park. It is wonderful how proficient the sojourners at the lakeside resorts have become in the game, and how anxious they are to lay low the city clubs.

The Country Child.

THE town-bred child has nothing to replace that vista of dreams which the country child can call back at will. He moves in set and ordered ways, even as the stars in their courses. Certain walks he goes, demure and restricted; he trots sedately beside his nurse, or lays a gloved hand in hers. Shouting and running are forbidden. Shops, and people, and traffic, in eternal monotony of noise and hurry, are all that is offered for his outdoor consideration. The sunset is shut away from him behind bricks and mortar. The stars he has seen only by stealth through curtained windows. Dew is a matter he cannot comprehend. Snow is something of a peculiar and adhesive dirtiness. Trees there are, and grass-plots, but they have neither scent nor significance for him. The flowers in the parks and squares are under a regime as orderly as his own, appearing with punctual precision in their appointed times. Birds mean sparrows. There are others mentioned in the rhymes and fairy tales, but he has never met them, any more than dwarfs or talking cats.

In his nursery, of course, he romps and roysters, but the whole breadth and depth of outdoor life are denied to him. All his years, whatever he may achieve or enjoy, he will be vacant of those glorious gains, barren of those golden memories, which are the inalienable heritage of his country cousin. Meantime the country child is laying up a store of reminiscence that will be a companion to him to his last hour. The seasons are no empty names to him, each having its unique and proper delights. Day and night are his, especially that luminous mystery of summer night which is the haunt of vague, romantic visions. The sunrise he knows, and

the sunset, and all the unimaginable expanses of bare heaven. He is far-sighted because there are such untrammelled distances for his sight to travel, and yet he is a keen observer of minute detail, expert in the tiny variations of insects, birds and flowers. The pantomime, the park, the zoo—are these effectual substitutes for the green and windy young life which has cradled our best and greatest? It is remarkable how many of our heroes have been the sons of fields and forests, bred up in that intercommunion with Mother Earth which moulds and invigorates the mind forever. In the quietude of woods and fields, from the melody of winds and streams, splendid futures germinate. DEMAR.

One Man.

THERE was only one man in the world. So she said, with big, contented eyes that looked peacefully after the man who had put the golden circle on her finger one glorious June day. Only one. The rest were as chaff and driftwood.

So she said for a month, a year, two years—three. Then came a long, miserable night when the hours were as years, and she thought the dawn would never break. And in the morning she went for the first time in her young life to a dentist.

"Ah, little girl," he said, with his quiet smile, "there is more to be done than you think. You must come again." So she went—and again—and yet again. It seemed as though cavities grew in the night just to be filled in the morning. And when they were finished, there were others. And so she went many times.

And gradually she realized that the world held two men. The knowledge came slowly, driven into her consciousness by the warm breath of the Second One as it played over her hot cheeks, by the riotous beating of her heart as he leaned closely—closely—over her for an hour, two hours together, so close that when she looked up into his eyes she could see her own reflected in their depths. And she admitted to her unquiet heart that there were two men in the world.

Two, while the long, sweet summer days drifted into the autumn. But when the earth was dank and heavy with cold rains, and the dead leaves whirled in mad confusion at the will of the winds, she put the little yellow circle in its tiny white-lined box and laid it gently on her table. Then she softly closed the door and was gone.

For the world held only one man.

ELEMIDAINF.

The Toronto Vampire.

(With apologies to Rudyard.)

A man there was and a 'phone he had,
(Even as you and I!)
And the first bright day he was feeling glad,
(But the second day he had grown quite sad),
And within a week he was raving mad,
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste,
And the toil of our head and hand,
Are all on account of the telephone,
(And 'tis all no use to make our moan),
For they never will understand.

A man there was, and he worked in vain,
(Even as you and I!)
At calling on North and Park and Main,
(For he called them off with a sad refrain),
And then with Central he just raised Cain,
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the things we say and the bills we pay,
And our highways and eke our land
Are lavished upon a "company"—
(A terrible telephone company),
And they never will understand.

CANADIENNE.

Something About Sir Robert Finlay.

Editor "Saturday Night":

Sir,—As Sir Robert Finlay, K.C., the principal British counsel before the Alaskan Boundary Commission, does not appear to be very well known in Canada, perhaps the following, from a former class fellow, may interest some of your readers, though the absence of any work of reference prevents me from giving dates. He was born about sixty-three years ago at Newhaven, a small village just outside Edinburgh, Scotland, where his father practised as a doctor. He was educated at the Edinburgh Academy, being "dux" for each of the seven years he was there. He afterwards attended the university, where he took his M.A. degree, and then his M.D. degree. Feeling no bias for the profession of medicine, he went up to London and entered the Middle Temple, where he was called to the Bar about thirty-five years ago. His capacity for work, his analytical mind, his intellectual grasp, his high character, marked him out for success from the outset of his career. He is M.P. for Inverness-shire, but has not taken any leading part in Parliamentary debates. When Sir Richard Webster (Lord Alverstone) was raised to the bench, Sir Robert Finlay succeeded him as Attorney-General. He was elected Lord Rector of the Edinburgh University about four years ago, an honor conferred in past years on such men as Mr. Gladstone, Lord Brougham, and Mr. Carlyle.

Goderich, Oct. 3rd, 1903.

Yours truly,
A. BISSET THOM.

A Floral Clock.

"The St. Louis Exposition is to have a unique floral clock," says the "Electrical World and Engineer." This mammoth clock will be installed on the side of the hill north of the Agricultural Building. The dial will be a flower bed 120 feet in diameter. The minute hand will be 60 feet long, and the ring at the end, which will be fastened to the machinery, will be 8 feet in diameter, large enough to support twelve men easily. A hundred persons might promenade on this hand without interfering with the movements of the timepiece. The minute hand will move five feet every minute. The clock machinery will be in an adjacent building. The flower bed will be a flower bed, and the numerals marking the various hours will be fifteen feet in length, and as often as its local officers were to be elected. The lowest office in the gift of the people being that of town hog reeve—the person whose duty it is to herd and impound stray hogs—they had made it the custom to elect to that unenviable position the latest married resident of the place, fit or unfit, willing or unwilling. Once—there must have been an especial spirit of audacity rife at town meeting on that occasion—they even went so far as to elect Rev. Dr. Leonard Withington, then newly settled over the parish; and a committee, acting in a spirit of mirth, yet perhaps with a dash of inward trepidation, was sent to notify him of the honor, which of course it was expected he would not accept. "Hog reeve," he repeated, thoughtfully. "It is true I came to this place expecting to act as shepherd of a flock; but if my sheep have changed their character, I see in that no reason to decline the task."

Sheep or Swine!

An example of the humor of the Puritan settlers in New England comes from old Newbury, a town which was incorporated so long ago as 1635. Although it was a staid community rather than a frivolous one, there was for many years an established town jest which was repeated in town meeting, with unimpaired relish, as often as its local officers were to be elected. The lowest office in the gift of the people being that of town hog reeve—the person whose duty it is to herd and impound stray hogs—they had made it the custom to elect to that unenviable position the latest married resident of the place, fit or unfit, willing or unwilling. Once—there must have been an especial spirit of audacity rife at town meeting on that occasion—they even went so far as to elect Rev. Dr. Leonard Withington, then newly settled over the parish; and a committee, acting in a spirit of mirth, yet perhaps with a dash of inward trepidation, was sent to notify him of the honor, which of course it was expected he would not accept. "Hog reeve," he repeated, thoughtfully. "It is true I came to this place expecting to act as shepherd of a flock; but if my sheep have changed their character, I see in that no reason to decline the task."

Sometimes an English idiom misleads the guileless Gaul, when he translates English phrases into French, as in the case of one who rendered "forty-old years" as "quarante années étranges." Even he, however, did rather better than Laplace, who, in the eighteenth century, translated "Love's Last Shift" into "La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour."

SOME TYPES OF CANADIAN WOMEN OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

(From Henry James Morgan's New Work. See Page 5.)



BARONESS STRATHCONA.



LADY LAURIER.



MRS. R. L. BORDEN.



MRS. EDWARD BLAKE.

The Romance of A Street Car.

SHE sat in the corner of a west-bound car, watching intently the various forms of the throng of people passing along the principal street of the city. Her eyes were of deep, dark blue, and the large hat she wore shaded them so completely that the passenger opposite (a handsome man in the prime of life) could get no glimpse of the face that he felt sure was a lovely one. Suddenly the car stopped with a jolt, and hoping to see the object of his interest better, he crossed boldly to the seat beside her, to find himself worse off than before. Still she continued her outward gaze, and the tilted hat with its drooping feathers had all but a dainty peep of profile, with a wealth of glorious red-brown hair gathered into a loose knot under the picturesque headgear.

He did not dare to turn sideways and gaze at one in such close proximity, so he was forced to keep his eyes on the floor, where, peeping from under a perfectly made skirt, a small and shapely foot could be seen, and his thoughts ran in this wise:

"By Jove! what a delicious thing a really beautiful woman is; something so ennobling in the mere sight of her; that hair, that daintily poised head, the perfect taste manifested in the dress she wears, even the boot so prettily shaped, shows that she is every inch a lady."

"Why can't Anita dress like that, and fix her hair in the same adorable manner? It is quite the same color, and goodness knows she's got enough of it—yet she never seeks to please my artistic tastes. Pity a fellow with such an eye for the beautiful should have married an ordinary home-made sort of tout. How the dickens can he be blamed for liking to look at pretty girls and occasionally preferring other men's wives to his own? Heavens! if only Anita would study my tastes more." He thought of his wife in the old brown dress at home, with one white blouse donned night after night for his sake, and forgot her words of a few weeks ago:

"George, I often feel that you might spend more of your evenings with me, and I suppose you would if I could make myself pretty and attractive in your eyes again, as I used to be, but one cannot dress without money, dear, and you know when you belong to so many good clubs, and entertain so lavishly at them, it is quite impossible for you to spare me enough money to do you credit, as I so greatly long to do. I could not have you go without your wine, and cigars after dinner, and all that you have been accustomed to, and everything costs."

His answer had been: "Oh, pshaw, Anita, don't begin that old tune; you knew you weren't marrying a rich man, and if you knew how to dress you would look well whatever you put on." He had not noticed the hurt look in her sweet eyes, and had gone out after an hour's smoke and perusal of the evening paper—to find his amusement. A sudden stoppage of the car and the sight of his own familiar street corner brought him suddenly to his feet.

"Confound it all," he thought, "I shall not see the face of my divinity after all," and he made for the door with a backward glance at the pretty form in the corner. As he reached the platform and prepared to alight, he noticed that the object of his admiration was following slowly. Here was his chance, after all. He jumped down and turned to offer assistance to the lady, who, with downcast face, put a perfectly gloved hand into his and murmured timidly, "Thank you."

The car rumbled on and in the bright glare of the electric light he looked down at the figure beside him, his heart thumping strangely. He must see her face; and at last—she raised it.

"Anita!" he gasped.

"Yes, George, it is I," said his wife in her brave young voice. "Do you like my appearance now?"

"By Jove, I do!" he responded. "It is splendid, but you

made a pretty fool of me. I did not know you in the least, I thought—"

"I wanted to dress to please you, George," she interrupted, "to show you I still know how. This costume has cost two hundred dollars, the fur coat, feathers, and all that, you know—"

"Great heavens, Anita!" he said, angrily "and who in the name of fortune is to pay for this reckless extravagance?"

"My brother's money has already paid for it," replied

him in wonderment. The cement man found business so quiet he was dozing under a tree at the foot of the avenue. I stopped to look at his peculiar gallow-like gig. To show the wonderful merit of his cement he had a cracked plate stuck together and attached to a stone with "47 lbs." written on the side. These were suspended from the center of his wagon. "Anything I can do for you?" said he, bounding up to me. "I've some great medicine here," producing a box. "Cures coughs, colds, warts, moles, bunions, and toothache."



MISS ANNE HENDRIE.



MRS. S. NORDHEIMER.

Anita, her well-poised head held high, her voice full of gentle dignity, "but my little bank account has about gone. After this, George, perhaps you will be able to get your own wine and cigars."

WATER WITCH.

Drawing the Crowd.—A Street Sketch.

IT was a bleak morning and the sky was clouding up for rain. Business was dull, very dull. The blind man who sells religious literature was singing a hymn with auto-harp accompaniment. Presently he stopped and took up a Bible with raised letters.

With the air of a man who was addressing a large crowd, he started: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you will step in a little closer I'll read for you." He began to recite in a loud voice, quite unconscious of the fact that his only audience consisted of a small open-mouthed boy, who stared at

"Well, then, see if you can break these?" I was handed two spoons that were cemented together. He laughed knowingly when, after a hard effort, I failed to part them. "Great stuff, I tell you; can't boil it out—one woman tried to for three hours, but it didn't go." He next called my attention to the big stone suspended from the plate. "I got that when they were building the City Hall. A man came along here one day drunk as a boiled owl, looking for trouble; said he'd bet me two dollars that stone didn't weigh forty-seven pounds. 'Well, friend,' says I, 'I'll take you on that.' So we wheeled her over to the flour and feed store, and, would you believe it, sir, she tipped the scales at forty-seven and a half pounds. The man gave me two dollars. I handed him back one. 'What's this for?' said he. 'I don't want your money,' says I, 'but I'll keep a dollar for the time I lost convincing you.'"

In front of some auction rooms an active little man with a peak cap and black moustache was making a desperate effort to draw a crowd. "Come, step inside, ladies and gentle-

men, sale now going on; no reserve on the goods, everything to be sold. Like Niagara Falls, we're running morning, noon and night; two accepted bids all that we ask; it's not your money we want, but your presence, your smiles, and good wishes. I get a cent apiece for calling you in; no 'boosters' or 'cappers' in here; everything conducted on straight Christian principles. All the wise men of the East, step in; step in, beautiful ladies. You can make a day's pay in a minute; make a fortune while looking around you." All his eloquence was lost on the people, however. "No, you couldn't get 'em in to-day with a Gatling gun!" exclaimed the little man as he paused for breath in deep disgust.

This was not the case with the pretty Italian girl and her fortune-telling birds. Her beauty brightened the day and proved an irresistible attraction to all. Cartmen stopped to look at her and admire her prettily colored headress, numerous rings, brooches and bracelets. Small boys winked at her. Negroes, Chinamen and Jews grinned at her. Italian youths said pretty things to her in her native tongue which warmed up her olive skin and brightened her dark eyes. More attractive than her birds, she had an eye to business, nevertheless, and smilingly called on her admirers to have their fortunes told. And what wonderful glimpses into the future were contained in the paper missives strung up and displayed for a nickel. The Italian girl opened the cage door and interrupted a large green parrot in the act of refereeing a "set-to" between some smaller brethren. He hopped on to a small baton, was held up, and being something of a punster, presented his bill for the young lady's money. This was taken by his mistress, and the parrot nonchalantly began to whistle "After the Ball" as he selected the following paper for the young lady:

PLANET OF THE FORTUNE.

For a Young Lady.

Your star has been rubicund and propitious. You are very pretty and you will be praised for your modesty and your good qualities. You will marry soon, your husband will love you and treat you with kindness. You are very fond of the good things of life and you will never be stinted in your longings. You will have but two children, one will take care of your domestic affairs and the other will dedicate himself to the study of music and will become a professor of great fame, making you happy. You will live to be 75 years old.

Play the numbers

3, 43, 76.

And you will win.

JOHN MENTON.

A-Tryin' To Get Along.

Some folks hev lots of trouble a-tryin' to get along. Frettin' an' a-worryin', things allus goin' wrong. Never seem to get jes' right, an' wonderin' what they'll do. But somehow or another they manage to pull through.

Keep grumblin' over this an' that, say they never sleep a wink. "Take on" awful sometimes, but never seem to think. That God's a-lookin' after 'em an' knows jes' what to do. An' if they'll jes' have patience, why, He's sure to help 'em through.

There's a lot of comfort goin' in this old world of ours. An' heaps of consolation, in the very darkest hours. But folks'll never find it if they allus fret an' pout. An' never think of askin' the Lord to help 'em out.

There ain't no use a-worryin', fer it don't do no good. An' t' never was intended, from creation, that it should. So jes' get on a "hustle," an' trust right in the Lord. An' I'll warrant that He'll help you if ye take Him at His word.

T. M. HUMBLE.



MRS. J. K. OSBORNE.



THE LATE MARGARET MATHER.



THE LATE CAROLINE MISKELL HOYT.



LADY ALFRED JEPHSON.

Peer and Peasant in the British Realm

have for more than a quarter of a century looked upon

Hunyadi Janos

Natural Laxative
Mineral Water

as the most efficient and yet most gentle remedy for **CONSTIPATION** and all complaints arising from a sluggish liver. Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

Anecdotal.

General "Phil" Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident did he laugh the most. "Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule, which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked, 'Well, begorra, if you're goin' to get on, I'll get off.'"

While in England Henry Ward Beecher was entertained by a gentleman who believed in spiritualism and was himself a medium. One day he asked if Beecher would like to talk with the spirit of his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher. Mr. Beecher replied that it would please him immensely. After the seance was over he was asked how it had impressed him, at which, with the twinkle in his eye, Beecher responded: "All I have to say is that if I deteriorate as fast for the first ten years after I am dead as my father has, I shall be a stark-naked fool."

It is related that when he first visited Ireland, Thackeray took a drive on a Dublin car some distance into the country. Milestones had recently been erected along the roads, and on each was printed the number of miles, with the letters "G. P. O." distances being measured from the general post-office. Thackeray was unaware of this, and in his thirst for information asked the carman what the letters meant. The prompt reply was: "God preserve O'Connell." Thackeray believed what he was told, but the incident only appeared in the first edition of his book.

The Manila "American" has discovered "the champion circulation liar." He is acting as editor of the "Thundering Dawn," a Buddhist organ just started in Tokyo. Here is his greeting to the public: "This paper has come from eternity. It starts its circulation with millions and millions of numbers. The rays of the sun, the beams of the stars, the leaves of the trees, the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the hearts of tigers, elephants, lions, ants, men and women are its subscribers. This journal will henceforth flow in the universe as the rivers flow and the oceans surge."

When a boy in Smyrna, Justice David J. Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, once paused to speak to Adijib, a scribe of Smyrna, on the highway. Adijib's robe was as white as snow, but there was a hole in it. "There is a hole in your robe, Adijib," Justice Brewer said. "I know it," Adijib replied. "If you know it why don't you darn it?" Brewer asked. "For the sake of appearances," Adijib answered; "a hole may be an accident of the most recent happening. A hole will pass upon a king, a noble, or the most rich and powerful person. But a darn is the sign of poverty. There is no getting around it, no misunderstanding it. I cannot afford to wear a darned robe."

A pair of frightened horses were dashing madly down the street. The coachman was waving at the reins, and the carriage was swaying from side to side in a dangerous fashion. The occupants of the vehicle, an elderly woman, noted for her extreme parsimoniousness, and her pretty niece, gave no outward signs of fear; but just as the horses came to a standstill the younger woman unexpectedly fainted. "I wasn't frightened a bit," she explained afterward, "until, just as we rounded that last corner with three wheels in the air, Aunt Caroline exclaimed: 'I'd give a dollar to be out of this!' I knew the case must be serious if Aunt Caroline was beginning to risk dollars in that fashion."

A young couple with matrimonial intent, fresh from the green fields of their rural homes, went recently to the parsonage of a clergyman in Maryland. The nuptial knot was tied. In the pause which followed the newly-made Benedict looked embarrassed as he fished about in his trousers' pockets as if looking for something. "What's the price?" he finally blurted out. "The State allows a 'dollar,'" said the clergyman, "but—" and paused. "Some parsons are more eloquent than words. Evidently this was not. 'Well,' finally remarked the groom as he handed the astonished divine a quarter, 'if the State allows you a dollar, take this and the job will have netted you a dollar and a quarter. Good day.'"

It was the custom of a certain minister when dining at the home of one of his best friends to consume a glass of milk and then, without more ado, fall to and enjoy the spread, which was always elaborate when he was expected. One day when the minister was scheduled to appear, instead of the foamy glass of

milk, delicious and creamy, his friend placed beside his plate a good, stout, rich glass of milk punch, so clearly and cleverly prepared that it resembled nature's concoction to a nicety. The dinner hour duly arrived, and after a short blessing the minister seized his glass and quaffed. Not a tremor, not a move, not an exclamation, did he make, until the beverage was consumed, and then he exclaimed, as he pushed the glass from him, closed his eyes and smacked his lips: "Ah! a glorious cow!"

In Arizona, when a man buys a thousand head of steers, it is customary to allow him a ten per cent. cut. Old Colonel Gray was selling a train load to a young Californian who knew his business, and, though nothing had been said about the cut, the buyer was making the accustomed selection, when the colonel happened along in an ill-humor, and forbade any further choice; whereupon the young man refused to take the cattle. The irate colonel swore a great oath, loaded his steers, and started for Nevada; but finding no sale for them there, he swore some more and took his train to Colorado, then to Kansas, and then to Nebraska, until he had spent the worth of his cattle in transportation, and had loaded and unloaded until they looked like a famine in a dry land. At last in desperation he began selling a few at a time. An old farmer from the plains came in to buy a band. "Can you load 'em on the kears?" he asked. "Oh," said the exasperated colonel, "when those steers hear the toot of a locomotive you can't hold 'em. They'll run forty miles and climb aboard themselves."

Be Sweethearts Now as Then.

Alas! that vows should broken be,
And hearts disdainful grow,
That love should from the cottage flee,
Or bitter winds should blow;
Her once kind words should sting like whips,
And he should never see
The winning smile on tiny lips
Of children at his knee.

But years of youth are all too fleet,
The fires of love grow cold,
And winter with its snow and sleet
Bedimes the summer's gold.
The raven locks are streaked with gray,
And brows are seamed with care—
O, thou whose heart is changing! pray
Think once of springtime fair.

What though the years have left their trace,
And sorrows thick and fast
Have clouded thy once beaming face?
Life's storms will soon be past.
What though thy load seems hard to bear,
And griefs thy pathway strew?
Remember—she—the woman's share
Of burden bears with you.

Recall the half-forgotten tunes
That once she used to sing;
Remember now the dear, dear Jones
When life was blossoming.
Let no day's sun set on thy wrath—
Each hour with kindness fill;
'Twill smooth the end of life's rough path
When those dear hands are still.

Remember now the wicket gate,
Where purple lilacs grew,
The robin chose his russet mate—
He won thy love from you.
And thou, in all thy many pride,
Thy youth renew again,
Recall the days of life's spring-tide—
Be sweethearts now as then.
—George N. Lowe in the "Bookman."

Struck the Root of His Trouble.

James Atwell Cured his Kidneys by using
Dodd's Kidney Pills.

And his Lumbago and Urinary Troubles
Vanished once and for all—He Tells his
Story.

Campbellford, Ont., Oct. 5.—(Special.)—That Urinary Troubles and Lumbago are the result of disordered Kidneys has been proved by James Atwell of this place. He had Lumbago and pains in the bladder, and in passing his urine would hurt him so as to almost cause tears to come to his eyes.

He cured his Kidneys by using Dodd's Kidney Pills and his pains of all kinds vanished.

Speaking of his case, Mr. Atwell says: "I think Dodd's Kidney Pills made a permanent cure in my case, but I will never be without them in the house. I had Lumbago and Bladder Trouble for years. I tried other medicines and a bandage prescribed by the doctor, but I could get no relief till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me."

If the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

A postal card sent from Billville to one of the absent brethren reads: "Dear Jim—Nuthin' but good news to tell you. Your crap paid off the mortgage, your brother broke out o' jail, an' your daddy has just got \$1,000 out the railroad fer runnin' over his leg. Ain't Providence providin'?"—Atlanta "Constitution."

That there is nothing new under the sun is as true now as in the days of Solomon. No doubt much of Roman prowess was due to the universal use of baths by all classes. The modern tendency is to return to the use of natural treatment. Unquestionably the waters compounded in Nature's laboratory are the best remedial agents; chief among these, from medical references, is the "St. Catharines Well," located in St. Catharines, the "Garden City" of Canada. Here will be found every facility for rest, recuperation and comfort where exists a happy combination of family hotel life and sanitarium attachments for those desiring same. It is time that Canadians were sensible of the resources of their own country and that it is not necessary to go over the border to procure either the necessities or the luxuries of life.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

Lady Gay's Column

THEY are telling us that the men are to be immensely smartened up by wearing corsets; that their chests will "protrude," like Sir Joseph Porter's in "Pinafore," and that we shall not know our present creased, wrinkled, kneed and elbowed cavaliers. Well, goodness knows! the men need something to smarten them up a bit. I heard two women talking at the races the other day as follows: "Well, dear, you may say what you please, but we shall never have a smart, really smart, race meet unless the men spruce up. Look at that chap—dusty, hair too long, trousers too short, coat hunched up because he carries his head like a camel of the desert. And he parades about with that lovely Parisian looking dame, as self-satisfied as a farmer." The other woman sighed. "Ah! it's too bad! I quite agree with you. My husband absolutely said quite a bad word when I asked him to attire himself decently and in proper fashion to escort me to-day. So I drove out with Madame La Mode, and Charlie came alone. He's a sight! Quite the worst on the lawn. He has brown boots on!" And her voice faltered and broke at this "crowning" iniquity, if one may use such an adjective in regard to footwear. I hope she has seen that men's corsets are on the way. And if it's corsets they need to take wrinkles and bulges and snooks and stoops out of themselves and their garments, they cannot adopt them too soon. They are just the nicest, kindest and best-tempered of fellows, our own Toronto men, if only they weren't so careless of the added dignity and style they'd have if they wore better clothes. I fancy that the word "corset" is a mistake. It's too feminine, and the men would take much quicker to the said-to-be-arriving mode if it were called something else. Cuirass-vest sounds quite military and manly, or corselet is not half bad. Women wear a "golf girdle," which is only a narrow sort of corset; men might call their "stays" girdles, or even stay-belts, and not suggest effeminacy or silliness. The advent of a corset-age for men doesn't favorably impress me, though. I am sure a long-waisted frock or Prince Albert will look better over a corset than it sometimes does over a rump-poly or attenuated "forms divine." With a high hat, a high collar, a corset, tight trousers and patent leathers, Charlie may look very smart, though inwardly a ravening wolf and a seething volcano of rage. Never mind, he'll find out what women have to suffer to be equipped against the criticism of other women.

The palmist with the false front was conversing with the spiritualist with the tobacco-scented person. "I can bring your kindred spirit to your side," said the latter, "and demonstrate the appearance to you, and you can enjoy communion with that dear one through my power." The palmist nodded. "And I can tell your past and future and how life has gone with you, from your hand. Inside your hand lies the secret of your destiny. Would you please fetch the small decanter from the shelf and place it near us. I find a little Scotch and soda aids my digestion." And so he did, fulfilling his proud boast of the past moment, and she, glancing at his hand as he carried the decanter and noting its eager but shaky clutch, rightly diagnosed his past and future, with a wary and mistrustful glance.

The newest wedding ditty is a poem of Robert Browning's, set to music and beginning "Grow old with me." Why on earth such a sentiment should be launched at the vacant minds of the patiently waiting congregation, while the bride and groom write their names or make their marks in the register, is a poser. "Grow old with me!" I protest against such a marriage song for the young, who would laugh at so far off a notion; for the more advanced, who may be sensitive (people sometimes are) about any mention of age; for the really elderly, because—well, what's the use of adjuring them to do just what they are doing, probably greatly to their regret or chagrin? Looking at it from any standpoint, the "Grow old with me" ditty seems a mistake.

That was a very funny thing which happened to a dignified elderly gentleman of imposing presence the other Sunday after service. He had carefully placed his immaculate and lustrous high hat under his seat, and when his religious observances were over he gallantly stepped from the pew to permit his feminine belongings to pass out. They passed, with rustling and sweeping trains, and took their stately way down the aisle. Pater dove down after his hat, but the glossy "stovepipe" was "non est." He peered and poked and wondered, but his hair remained uncovered. How could the hat have disappeared? While he hunted in vain, Mr. Hat was enjoying a quiet ride out of church on a fine trained gown, where it was finally spied, rescued and brought to the puzzled pater by a much amused lady, after endeavoring to emulate the example of the white helmet which rode out of the Senate chamber on the coronation train of the Countess of Minto at an Ottawa drawing-room.

Do you want a beautiful word to express a beautiful and precious thing? A friend of mine, who is my ideal of culture, and whose breadth and depth and height of knowledge never has been fathomed by me, has given me such a word. We were discussing a primitive people whom I had the great privilege of studying a bit this year. "I cannot describe exactly their dignity and calmness and sweet friendliness, and their unconsciousness of so many of the burdensome trivialities of life," I said, groping for my word. "The word is very old—fallen into disuse as an adjective expressing this inherent worth and simple purity," replied the man who always knows. "It is the old English word 'ethel,' which means something very superior to refinement. Refinement is a word I don't care for. It implies a process of refining, and suggests coarseness necessitating refining. What you want to suggest is innate nobility and dignity, and a quality above any need of refining. You may call it ethelhood, I think. It is a very worthy and noble word, which should be brought from its retirement, only"—and he sighed—"I don't know that we should often need it." Do you know the ethel people

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whom one comes across in quiet parts, the people at whom the flippant tourist stares or smiles, but whom it is a blessed thing to know and enjoy? There are places where values are not debased nor false standards uplifted, quiet, primitive and precious places, in which I am humbly grateful to have abided for even a very short while. And so I have the new-old word ethel, which I keep for those people who have impressed me so strongly that years will not blur the stamp of their infinite worth upon my mind, their ethelhood!

LADY GAY.

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via married Princess Zorka, the eldest daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, and his supporters in Germany are now spreading a story of his marriage which is more romantic than exact. Peter Karageorgievich served as a volunteer with the Montenegrins during the Turkish war, and toward the end of the struggle the Turks captured Prince Nicholas's camp and carried off his daughter. Peter at once got together his followers and started in pursuit. Coming up with the Turks he attacked them with the greatest fury, and with his own hand slew the soldiers who were carrying off the princess. The Prince of Montenegro, delighted at the rescue of his daughter, asked the gallant Peter how he could reward him, but Zorka, throwing herself into her father's arms, exclaimed, "Father, let me be his reward!" Princess Zorka had before hardly known Peter Karageorgievich, but his desperate valor had made her fall violently in love with him, like a princess in a fairy tale.

Royalties Who Didn't Look Royal.

According to Hrolf Wisby, in the "Independent," an incident which King Christian of Denmark never tires of telling as a good joke on royalty occurred when he and his oldest son, the Crown Prince Frederik, accompanied the late Czar Alexander III. of Russia on a pedestrian tour in Denmark. Weary of walking, they asked a peasant to give them a ride home, to which he assented. It was evident from the peasant's manner that he had no knowledge who were his august passengers. The King made up his mind to play a practical joke on the man, but as it happened the man turned the joke on the King. Nudging the Czar with his elbow, the King said to the peasant: "Good man, tell me have you ever seen the Crown Prince of Denmark?"

"Crown Pete? No," responded the man, his answer being a vernacular pun on

the Crown Prince's title: "but I know he lives up there in the castle."

"Well, I am the Crown Prince of Denmark," announced the holder of that title, restraining himself from laughter with great difficulty.

"And I am the King of Denmark," supplemented King Christian, impressively.

"And I am the Czar of Russia," broke in the late Czar with his barbarous pronunciation of Danish, which on the tongue of the present Czar, Nicholas, sounds like that of a native.

The peasant looked them over slowly, one by one, with a mischievous eye, and barely removing the pipe stem, he said in a slow, crooning voice:

"Weel-a-weel! If you're the Crown Pete, and you're the King Bee, and that is the Czarri o' Russialand, then—I am the Imperor o' Chinah!"

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Marcus is Left Alone With the Tree Agent.

THE tree agent wore a long gray beard. He had gentle, deprecating eyes and a voice of honey. Constantia never left Marcus alone with him. It was sometimes inconvenient for her to be present at the exercises. But whatever occupation engaged her when the tree agent was announced, she forsook it and hastened to the study. The conferences were held in the study.

When she appeared in the doorway, with Annabel in her arms, a momentary gloom came over the tree agent's face. He drove it conscientiously away, chirruped engagingly to Annabel, and unstrapped a fresh box of colored plates. "Now, this is an entirely new variety. It has abundance of foliage beginning to put forth early in April and continuing to late December. The blossom"—he laid four straight fingers instructively on the gorgeous plate—"the blossom is remarkable for its profusion and its size. Large—yellow—full-flowered." Each word was a liquid drop.

Marcus gazed at the plate, a pleased look in his eyes. So did Annabel. "How high does it grow?" enquired Constantia, with gentle craft. The tree agent stole a look at Marcus. He was absorbed in the picture. "In height, it varies," he spoke soothingly. "If you wish a high growth, they will reach five, six, even seven feet. The hand holding the plate ascended gracefully a foot at a time.

Marcus's eyes followed it trustfully. "On the other hand," the plate descended to his knee, "if you wish a lower growth, they can be kept down by trimming. The foliage then becomes luxuriant, and forms a mass of green, rich and attractive to the eye. His hands closed in carefully upon the clipping of a low hedge and expanded in a rich growth of green.

Annabel, who had hitherto across the floor, laid cooling hands on the plate. It was rescued hurriedly by Constantia, and Annabel was brought back to the safety of the chimney-seat.

Marcus's eyes were fixed dreamily on the window. "We had been thinking of something for the verandah," he said slowly.

The tree agent's countenance shifted quickly from hedge-plants to climbers. The yellow plate was thrust carelessly into its box and a new set produced. He selected one, a look of affection lighting up his gentle eyes as they lingered on it. "Now, in climbers there is nothing finer than this little desicalium—the leaves, pointed and spikelike, forming a screen or canopy—the stem graceful but of great strength, throwing out tentacles for support."

"It blossoms, I suppose," suggested Constantia. The tree agent paused a forbearing second. "The blossom is a delicate scarlet, with a rim of yellow, small, but profuse, and very attractive to the eye. The odor is remarkably delicate and penetrating."

"We had thought that we should like something without blossoms," said Constantia. "I have never seen anything like this," interposed Marcus quickly. His hand reached out for the plate.

"The Shipman has it on their side verandah. Don't you remember?" interposed Constantia. "Oh—that!" His hand dropped. The agent slid hopefully into the pause. "Of nonblossoming climbers this is a most beautiful variety." He produced a gorgeous solid-green plate. "In this climber you have—"

His voice meandered softly on. Marcus listened politely. As a poet, he was entranced by the flow of language. He exercised a soothing influence on his imagination. As a property-owner, he was inclined to belief in the pictures it spread before his mind's eye.

This was a dangerous moment. It was recognized as dangerous by Constantia. But experience had taught her that her presence was sufficient protection. She had only to wait till the critical moment when Marcus—no longer a responsible being—should begin to gather himself together. Then with a swift turn of common sense, she would pierce the shining bubble, gather up the scattered plates, assist the agent to his feet and escort him politely from the room. Four times this scene had been enacted.

The tree agent had grown wary. Constantia—serene in a sense of power—listened absently to the flow of sound. She planned a new carriage robe for Annabel. It should be dark red—wine red—with the merest line of—

Annabel, left to her own devices, slipped cautiously down from the chimney-seat. She bumped a little in descending. But no one gave heed to her movements, and she hitched away toward the dining-room door. No one observed her—unless, perhaps, it might be the tree agent.

He was becoming, with each breath, more persuasive, more hypnotic and tuncful. His hands moved like gentle fans. Marcus's eyes dilated. He sat upright in his chair. Constantia saw that the moment had come. She opened her lips—

A sound of crashing glass from the dining-room closed them. She gave a glance at Annabel's empty place and fled.

When she had swept up the fragments of Venetian glass, bound up Annabel's fingers and comforted her disturbed feelings, she returned to the study. Marcus was pacing up and down the room—his eyes aglow and his countenance exalted. By degrees she got at the facts. She rose to them.

"You'll have to write to the dealers," she said firmly.

Marcus gazed at her helplessly. "Tell them that you have reconsidered the matter."

He nodded. "Yes, I have."

"And that you want the delivery delayed."

"Yes."

"And that perhaps you'll have something else instead of a rose-hedge, any way—cabbages, for instance."

before you forget what you want to say?" Marcus sat down and wrote it.

II. The reply came promptly. Marcus opened it at the breakfast table.

"What do they say?" asked Constantia.

Marcus laid it thoughtfully on the table and looked at it.

"What is it?" repeated Constantia.

"They'll let us off," he said slowly.

"But there's a little something to pay."

"What fort?"

"It seems to be the agent's commission."

"Oh!"

There was a silence.

Constantia finished it with a sigh. "Well—how much is it?"

"I'm afraid you'll think it's a good deal."

"Very likely I shall—when you tell me."

"It's twenty dollars."

Her cup descended swiftly. When her voice came to her she commented freely on the agent.

Marcus heard it meekly. "Perhaps we'd better take the hedge and pay the whole thing," he suggested when she had done.

"I wouldn't have a hedge like that—not if they'd pay me to have it. I should be in a state of mind every time I looked at it!"

"We won't have it," said Marcus hastily.

"No. We'll pay twenty dollars not to have it," she responded.

She sighed wistfully. "Twenty dollars would buy Annabel a dozen—"

He looked at her pleadingly. "Suppose we don't talk about it any more. Constantia, I have to finish my poem on the 'Birth of Chaos' this morning. I don't like to have my atmosphere disturbed."

"No, dear," said Constantia meekly.

Marcus retired to the study, humming softly. There was a radiant look in his eyes and poetry was aflight in his countenance.

Constantia looked thoughtfully into the bottom of her cup. Something splashed and fell. It was round and clear and shining. The brown drops closed quickly over it.—Jennette Lee.

Reality.

Is this the love she dreamed of, that should rise Like some great, unknown flame in mid-night skies, Alive, illumining, by whose vast light Her soul might read the book of Life aright?

Is this the love she dreamed of, this poor thing That wakes no fear, no joy, no wonder— Failing her star, she needs must sit tonight And turn a dreary page by candlelight.

Is this the love she dreamed of—for whose Her heart with too much bliss or pain should break?

Nay, the gods jest when this their gift appears, Too dull for laughter and too weak for tears.

—McCrea Pickering in "Smart Set."

A Women's Hotel.

THE Martha Washington Hotel in New York, which was built exclusively for women and receives no men guests under any circumstances, is the only hotel of the kind in the world, although the St. James in London, the Franklin Square in Boston, and the Marie Louise in Sixteenth street, New York, are also exclusively for women. At each of them, however, says William E. Curtis, there are certain rules and restrictions, and of less religious influences and motives. About twenty-five years ago, the late A. T. Stewart built the Park Avenue Hotel in New York exclusively for women, but it was a failure. There were too many rules. He attempted to make it an Adames Eden. No men were admitted except to certain parlors between certain hours of the day; no pianos, or cats, or dogs were allowed, and every guest had to be in, with the light out, at a certain time every night. It was run like a boarding-school, and self-respecting women who were old enough to take care of themselves would not stay there. So Mr. Stewart had to abandon his plan, and the hotel was opened to the general public.

The Martha Washington Hotel is a fireproof building, twelve stories high, and cost about \$750,000. It is the result of a movement organized by several philanthropic ladies, who thought that in the metropolis there ought to be at least one hotel where women can go without escort and feel perfectly safe and at home. It is owned by a stock company incorporated two years ago, and most of the shares are held by women. The hotel can accommodate 500 guests, and at present there are about 350 in the house. Of these about 200 are regular boarders—teachers, bookkeepers, stenographers, musicians, artists, newspaper writers, students, cashiers, head-salvages for big mercantile houses, designers, and other professional women. They can hire a small room on the European plan as low as \$9 a week, which is the minimum, with meals; \$17.50 a week being the maximum, which pays for a sitting-room and a little bedroom. Most of the transient guests are from New England, New Jersey, and other localities around New York, who come to town to shop. The hotel has been open only a few months, and has never been advertised.

Mr. Curtis points out the fact that the Martha Washington Hotel is wide open. There are no rules or restrictions whatever. Guests of the house may receive

men visitors whenever they like as freely as if they were in any ordinary hotel, and no questions are asked. They are not allowed to receive men callers in their bedrooms, but if they have a parlor or sitting-room it is permitted. There are two dining-rooms. One on the ground floor, opening from the office and from the street, is run on the European plan, and the other on the first or parlor floor is run on the American plan. Both are open to men as well as to women, and several men who have business in the neighborhood are in the habit of taking their meals there. Boarders can invite gentlemen friends to lunch or dine with them in either dining-room. Those who are accustomed to ordinary hotels complain that the portions are small, but the prices correspond. The manager says that his women guests do not want large portions, and he tries to furnish as much as they need at a reasonable price. The charges are about one-half what they are at the other first-class hotels, and the room rates correspond. An ordinary room on the European plan costs \$1 a day, and with a bath \$2.50. On the American plan similar rooms cost from \$2.50 to \$5. There is no bar or cigar-stand, but there is a newsstand kept by a good-looking young lady.

Since its opening the manager has been having a great deal of trouble with his help. He cannot keep bell-boys. They will not stay with more than two or three days, and the entire force is changed nearly every week. The boys complain that the women are unreasonable, and give no tips, while at other hotels they almost invariably duplicate their wages, and sometimes make two or three times as much in dimes and quarters. The manager of the woman's hotel tried girl "bell-boys," but the guests of the hotel did not like them, and they were found to be incompetent. When the institution opened every employee under the roof, except the manager, the porters, the engineer, the firemen and elevator conductors, were women. There were only about a dozen men about the place, and they were necessary for work which women could not do. There was a woman bookkeeper, a woman cashier, and all the waiters in the dining-rooms were women. The first innovation was a man for head-waiter, because the woman who occupied that position could not enforce discipline among the girls; and then it became necessary to employ robust youths to carry the soiled dishes from the dining-rooms to the kitchen, because some of the tender-hearted guests declared that the work was too heavy for girls. Recently, all of the girl waiters struck, and their places have been filled with men—ordinary, cheap, professional hotel waiters, secured at the employment agencies in Fourth avenue. It is not believed, however, that they will remain long, because they will doubtless make the same complaint as the bell-boys that women do not give tips. Thus far the kitchen has been run with women cooks without the slightest difficulty.

Dickens Holds His Own.

DOES Dickens, it is often asked, really hold his own against the flood of modern stories which pours into the shops of the booksellers? Messrs. Chapman & Hall, his old London publishers, have been looking into the sales of his books. They find that for many years past these have averaged considerably over a quarter of a million copies annually, and that so far from there being any decline, the interest in Dickens and the consequent sales of his works are increasing every year. It would appear that the difference in the individual sales of Dickens's books is remarkably small, especially when one thinks of the long list of them. The least popular is the "Child's History of England," and, as might be supposed, the standing favorite is "Pickwick." During the past three years, however, there has been a great increase in the sale of the "Tale of Two Cities"—so much so that it would come first by many copies for those particular years. No doubt this is mostly due to the success of Mr. Martin Harvey's play, "The Only Way." While this piece—the story dramatized—was being performed in London there was a brisk demand daily for the book. Next to "Pickwick," the permanent favorite, judged by circulation, is "David Copperfield," and, indeed, there is not much to choose between the two. From them there is a rather considerable drop to "Oliver Twist" and the "Old Curiosity Shop," the sales of which have differed from each other only to the extent of three hundred copies.

Three other stories which may be ranked together are "Nicholas Nickleby," "Domby and Son" and "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit" and "Our Mutual Friend" come along in company with "Martin Chuzzlewit" and the Christmas books not far behind. "Martin Chuzzlewit" is an illustration of the slightness of vicissitude that Dickens's books have shown. When it was published he declared that it was a hundred times the best thing he had done. But somehow the original sales were quite disappointing, and Dickens was really anxious as to whether the reading public was not forsaking him. Every year it improved its position, and if that were to be estimated on its whole sales—and not on those of the past three years only—it would probably come next to "Pickwick" and "David Copperfield." In his recent article on Dickens, Mr. Swinburne declared that "Great Expectations" was perhaps the best of his novels. On sales it comes fourteenth in the list, but the recent cheap edition has given it a very large vogue with the public. Generally speaking, the public demand for individual novels by Dickens is in harmony with the verdict which literary opinion has pronounced upon them. In other words, the books of his which the literary critics have exalted are also most bought by the public.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies, with notes of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not added. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

No—You are right about the length of the waiting list. You may also congratulate yourself on having attained a high stage in development, leaving little of the weakness and variability of Pisces to be eliminated from your nature. The Pisces people are at once the most lovable and the most exasperating of the whole year. I fancy your impulses are not always the result of deep conviction, nor your tenacity always quite wise. Beware of idle curiosity and nosy questions, and if you detect restlessness or impatience in your friends, be very sure yourself has not aroused it. A Pisces person can irritate a Libra (October) acutely. Pisces rules from February 19 to March 21, and is the last of the three water signs, March closing the Zodiacal year.

Alberta—Another Pisces, just two days earlier than "No"—but what a difference. This one is feminine, emotional, open to influences, thrives on sentiment, ambitious, practical, tenacious, and direct in purpose, but not very aggressive or assertive in manner. Love of beauty, art and music is indicated, which power to accept and adapt yourself to circumstances. Writer is liable to allow others to overreach or impose on her, I fear, and isn't a very logical or consecutive thinker. The writing has some charm and a good deal of modest worth.

Aristarchus—This hand is hampered by imitation. It lacks original method and is very mechanical. The fancy it was learned in a high school or college or else the writer has been reared in narrow line of thought and restricted action. Youth may account for its lack of inspiration. There are sympathy and sweetness of disposition suggested, frankness and care, some buoyancy, and a graceful turn of thought, but little originality that I might almost as well attempt to delineate a copy book heading. Listen to the possibilities of the Scorpio (November) child. They are the grandest surgeons, the most powerful and convincing preachers, bright short-story writers, silently dignified and superior in appearance, which awakes and spiritualizes the salt of the earth, helpful, powerful, tender and devoted to humanity. When on the animal plane Scorpio persons can be very dangerous as the lower passions grow apace and rule them more absolutely the stronger their nature is. Scorpio women can be jealous, vain and open to flattery to an inconceivable degree, and make very unreliable and selfish friends. To use a proverb, a Scorpio is a real Scorpio. These people can be anything they choose, they are so superlatively endowed with resolution, their chief snare is self-deception.

Musical—What could be the question you are always asking yourself but are "too cowardly" to ask me, even in an anonymous letter? It must be a corkscrew, deliberate, and not thoroughly developed. It shows good promise of fine development, frankness, caution, practical aims, and independence. I think no one would likely to influence you against your will. I've been telling Aristarchus some of the Scorpio traits. You mustn't be better than the present lot. I don't quite classify them so, but unless I refrain through fear of the law I generally write what I think and make no bones about it. Don't drag along too leisurely. Get up and hurry sometimes, mentally if not physically. There is a straiten stuff in you.

Gordon—So "I didn't tell you what you wanted to know, and you knew all I told you before." Why, but good fellow, how do I know what you know? I told you what your study revealed to me. I might now add that you are a bit nervous, which I did not like to do before. A quite ordinary person, not likely to evolve anything startling, fond of dress, show and good living, and very touchy. Now will you please go and sit down and think it over.

Florence—January 6th brings you under Capricorn, and you are, therefore, "a goat" zodiacally. The study is full of

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nervous force and erratic impulse and utterly lacks reserve, discretion, and control. Such a study should be given over again. Well, you'll get it, my bonny goateel, so just prepare to do your very best on your next trip. You are some liking for power, careless and thoughtless action, and the open a and o of the unwise and voluble speaker. But, then, I am just a crazy optimist. I dare say some people find "grow old along with me" a soothing idea. I prefer stay young with me. But, then, I am just a crazy optimist sometimes; I certainly don't yearn to go back through life at all events. The future may be better, the present isn't bad, the past has little interest for one whose present is full and busy. You have some traits that, properly developed, are lovable, and somewhat undisciplined nature, not over trustful nor liable to indiscretion; some pessimism, and a fair tenacity are indicated. You love ease and liberty, and are sometimes self-indulgent, apt to idealize, and able to adapt yourself to circumstances which would distress another type of being. It is a strong, vital, impetuous hand, in spite of some traits aforementioned. You like power, but are not very administrative.

attitude is rather marked. You are good-tempered, careful and exact in details, reasonable, perceptive and rather inexperienced. I had a good laugh at one of your enclosures. Of the other I might say it is bright, impulsive, rather ambitious to rise, but lacking that concentrated force that will be needed to do so. It is also rather an impressionable and young study, full of light confidence and on good terms with life. In spite of some carelessness, there is good self-preservation, and decidedly bright mentality. Writer would never pick along the beaten track if he could see a short cut.

Suele—Hope you had a pleasant summer. Canada isn't so bad to come back to, is it? Now, writing shows general independence of thought and action, a good deal of optimism and ability to take care of yourself. Sometimes you may have a streak of wilfulness. You have excellent taste, fair sense of proportion, and even judgment. Sometimes you do the unexpected. I fancy you have phobias and ambition, and never hesitate to make up and express your mind. Altogether a pretty decided and original personality, not always saving your own force for the best uses, perceptive, dominant, and pretty logical in thought.

F. R. F. END—Love to Tom, of course, my friend, though there are a many Toms over there and I might not hit the right one. You are strong, generous, good-tempered, but never aggressive or self-assertive. It is the quiet type, largely material, but able to appreciate much more than is perhaps suspected. You are the acme of discretion and I'd tell you a secret as readily as to an Egyptian mummy. If you have alighted in your "Saturday Night" place where you get "Saturday Night," I trust you will see this and accept my good wishes. There is some sympathy, some excellence, and a most reliable individuality in your lines. If you are a woman you have many unusual and sterling many virtues and might be trusted to look at life from a broad level. If you are a man, well—the doubt is my tribute to some very nice traits I observe in your study.

Lalla, New Hamburg—I don't read your signature clearly, but trust you may identify it. November is just as good a month to be born in as any other, and a good deal more to my taste than several others. Your writing shows a generous, off-hand and somewhat undisciplined nature, not over trustful nor liable to indiscretion; some pessimism, and a fair tenacity are indicated. You love ease and liberty, and are sometimes self-indulgent, apt to idealize, and able to adapt yourself to circumstances which would distress another type of being. It is a strong, vital, impetuous hand, in spite of some traits aforementioned. You like power, but are not very administrative.

Vernon D.—Home comes first, my girl. I am glad you can see that and act upon it. As to the nursing, give to the people with whom you are connected by family ties all the love and care and sympathy you can, and no nurse, however successful, will develop a finer character than yours. You are at present in a sort of transition stage with many undecided and contrary impulses. The April babies are marked by strong, and full of energy and ambition generally. You are a typical April (Aries) child, but lack experience and control. It is an honest, lovable, and very promising study.

S. M. R.—Don't dare to call you an infant, because you are a man. My word! how you scare me. If you are now a "lovely boy," as the old Irishwoman on our street called the huge policeman just now, all I can say is that graphology isn't like figures which "cannot be," but boy, infant, gray beard, whatever you are, your writing will have to "grow up" before it's any good for use in this column. By-by, old chap, be good, and ten years from now call again. If I'm not here, I'll leave word for the next one to do you up in the very latest style.

Wabash.

Cheap one-way colonist tickets are now on sale daily until November 30, over the great Wabash line to California, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Washington, and British Columbia. Tickets are good to stop over at different points. This will be a grand opportunity to visit the above points, at a very low rate. All tickets should read over the Wabash, the short and true route to the West. For time-tables, reservations of sleeping car berths, and other information, address any railroad ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Spend Thanksgiving Day out of Town.

Single fare in effect for Thanksgiving Day this year allows passengers to spend five days out of town. Tickets are good going Wednesday, October 14, and are valid to return until Monday, October 19. Call at Grand Trunk offices for tickets and all information.

Irish—Here you are again. Well, I'm glad to see you and will do what I can. You are discreet and cautious when necessary, fond of a nice appearance and are refined, and correct accessories. There is not any marked ambition, self-confidence or optimism in your study. You do not seek to rule nor are you very self-seeking in any way. A mistrustful

attitude is rather marked. You are good-tempered, careful and exact in details, reasonable, perceptive and rather inexperienced. I had a good laugh at one of your enclosures. Of the other I might say it is bright, impulsive, rather ambitious to rise, but lacking that concentrated force that will be needed to do so. It is also rather an impressionable and young study, full of light confidence and on good terms with life. In spite of some carelessness, there is good self-preservation, and decidedly bright mentality. Writer would never pick along the beaten track if he could see a short cut.

Tommy—So you are the last of all the family to be dissected? Worthy Thomas, your letter fills me with doubt. "If you come as near the truth in my case as in the other instances your portrait will certainly make interesting matter for at least one person." Well, sit up and be interested. You are observant, faithful, careful and correct in details, of a somewhat difficult and cranky temperament, lacking smoothness and harmony within, very decided in opinion and expression, with some humor, great ingenuity and a very markedly original and able nature. You just need a bit of careful training and culture to make you quite admirable. Do not rest content with what you know. Tommy, Study, think, reason and sweeten and soften your angles and acids. I scarcely like to call them that either, but you know!



Summer is over.—N. Y. "Life."



In these days great singers are quite willing to give their views to the public, through the columns of the press, as to the development and preservation of the voice, as well as the cultivation of the art of singing. Patti, Melba and other famous prima donnas have in this way supplied valuable hints and advice to vocal students. From what I can gather from the published admissions of these artists, the position I have repeatedly taken in this column as to the utility of patent methods of voice-building appears to have been well taken. Some Patti, who has her voice in wondrous preservation at the age of sixty years, recently contributed a special article to the "Saturday Evening Post" of Philadelphia. Her advice to the singer is very simple, and is worthy of serious consideration. Take, for instance, the following: "People who cultivate the voice have widely different ideas on what constitutes the best method of its preservation. If I gave lessons I should cultivate the middle notes, and the voice of the singer would be good at the age of one hundred. The whole harm, to a voice comes in pushing it up and down, in trying to add extra notes to its compass. 'How high can you sing?' appears to be the question. But what about the foundation part of the voice—that is, the middle notes? My success is founded on those notes, and there can be no enduring success without them. How many can sing very high, and yet cannot sing 'Home, Sweet Home'? Some pooh-pooh the idea of the difficulty of that simple melody. But it is more difficult to sing 'Home, Sweet Home' than the waltz song from 'Roméo and Juliet', because of its demands upon the development of the voice. Without the beautiful middle voice there is no cantabile, and upon the proper development of these and the avoidance of strain by forcing high and low notes the enduring power of the singer depends. High gymnastics are very beautiful, but lose the middle notes and you lose all. The tremolo, one of the most objectionable and unbearable of vocal faults, is but a phase of this forcing, and comes of the spreading of the vocal chords through straining. If you want to sing for years, do not strain the natural compass of the voice. . . . As to the length of time to be devoted to study, I myself do not give more than fifteen or twenty minutes daily, and these I devote to scales. My golden rule in singing is to spare myself until the voice is needed, and then never to give it all out. . . . I never sang when I was not well enough, neither did I sing when I was doubtful of the condition of my voice. The true secret of preserving the voice is not to sing too long, and not to sing when one ought not to. In the matter of diet and its relation to the voice, I can only say that I have been able to eat and drink in moderation anything I like." Campanini, the popular tenor, said in relation to this subject: "I do not believe in voice-building. Nature must give a girl a voice or she will never have one. . . . Every singer with a medium of common sense should know just what his or her voice can do, and not recklessly strain it by attempting to sing in a large hall. Straining a voice means the beginning of the end." And Minnie Hauk remarks that "the greatest danger to a voice is overwork. Nothing will ruin the vocal powers so much as to overtax them."

In an interview I had with Christine Nilsson on the occasion of her last appearance in Toronto she told me that she would not sing Wagnerian roles with the exception of that of Elsa, because their dramatic demands upon the voice injured it. Nilsson had a beautiful voice, as may be remembered by veteran concert-goers. She retired from the stage on the occasion of her marriage.

"M. A. P." says: "One of the things most coveted by the young and ambitious of the musical world is an engagement for a Melba tour. Hundreds make application to the great singer when it is known that she is arranging for a series of professional visits to the towns of a distant country, and the unknown are the most disappointed people on earth. So that bright young fellow, Rohan Clensy, is with good cause elated over his fortune in having just been selected, out of a large body of eager violinists, for Madame Melba's next tour. I would not for the world suggest that musicians with widely advertised 'early struggles' owe their ultimate successes chiefly to the press representatives of their agents, for in many cases their talent has proved as conspicuous as the romantic stories circulated of their beginnings." But it may, I think, be inoffensively said of this brilliant young Irish violinist—a pupil of Sir George Grove at the Royal College, and of Ysaye at Brussels—that in the light of the fact of his never having played in the streets or been 'discovered' and adopted by a childless lady of wealth, his engagement as soloist for the Melba tour is a brave feather in the cap of otherwise unadorned ability."

Mr. O. B. Dorland has resigned his position of baritone soloist at the Metropolitan Church.

Mr. Harry Field has removed to 28 Sloss Platz, Leipzig.

Mr. Heinrich Klingensfeld has arranged expensive class instructions for beginners in violin playing (children as well as adults). Prospectus for this new enterprise at Toronto Conservatory of Music.

The annual concert of Central Methodist choir, which usually takes place on Thanksgiving evening, will this year be held in connection with the anniversary services of the church in December.

Some weeks ago I reproduced in this column the gist of an address by the Rev. E. Husband, incumbent of St. Michael's, Folkestone, Eng., on the Gregorian chant. It may be remembered that the address strongly condemned the Gregorian chant as crude and undeveloped music. The reverend gentleman last month delivered another address on the question "Is Secular Music Sacred?" and expressed as decided views on this topic as on the other. "There is no such thing," he said, "in reality as secular music. Music cannot be divided into sacred and secular—it is one. Music is music, or it is not. If music were divisible into sacred and secular, then to keep the secular part on earth and send only the sacred half up to heaven would be to send an imperfect and incomplete thing to heaven. But, just as in jewelry, there is real gold and imitation gold, so under the name of music there is real music and imitation music. With many the question whether a piece of music is sacred or secular is decided by the fact whether it is used in church or on the stage; others (a large number) decide by the printed title. Mr. Husband then played three selected hymn tunes and a few measures from Wagner's 'Tannhäuser,' and added: 'The hymn tunes are termed sacred. I cannot myself allow that they are music at all; but using popular language, I will say that they are secular to the very core, while the example from 'Tannhäuser,' I maintain, is thoroughly sacred music, because it is true, pure, inspired music. Surely it is an insult to human intelligence to call these hymn tunes sacred, and an excerpt from 'Tannhäuser' secular. Real music is sacred wherever it is played, be it in the church or in the theater.'

The Toronto Conservatory of Music offers seventeen free scholarships for open competition to students of music, without limit as to age or amount of instruction previously received. These scholarships are offered by leading and experienced teachers of the Conservatory faculty, and it is a most favorable opportunity for students of music to secure instruction of a desirable character free. Three free and twenty partial scholarships are also offered to children under the age of sixteen years who have not had more than one-quarter's tuition. The total value of these scholarships is \$2,000 and upwards, and those receiving them have all advantages extended to students of the Conservatory.

Miss Rose Tapley as "Merida" in the "Sign of the Cross," at the Grand Opera House next week.

Individualities.

The Duke of Manchester, who in 1900 married Miss Helen Zimmerman of Cincinnati, has purchased for \$315,000 Kylemore Castle and its estate, comprising 13,000 acres, situated on Lough Kylemore, Connemara. The place formerly belonged to the late Mitchell Henry, M. P., who built the castle and improved the grounds at a cost of \$2,000,000.

It is said that Andrew Carnegie is negotiating for the purchase of the famous battlefield of Bannockburn, near Stirling, Scotland, in order to save it from falling into the hands of builders. At Bannockburn, on June 24, 1314, the Scots, under Bruce, defeated the English, led by King Edward II. The site of the battle is marked by a block of granite, called the "Bored Stone."

President Roosevelt now tips the scales at two hundred and twenty pounds. The President has been trying to reduce his weight, but his flesh is as hard as a knot, and steadfastly refuses to yield to ordinary methods. When he was sworn in as President, Roosevelt weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds, so that he seems to thrive on the hard work connected with the administration.

D. M. Walker of Kirksville, Mo., holds a record that really should bring him an appointment of some kind from President Roosevelt. He is a great-grandfather at the age of fifty-nine years. At nineteen he was a father, and at thirty-eight a grandfather. He is the father of fourteen children, the eldest being thirty-nine and the youngest four years. He has twenty-five grandchildren. His one great-grandchild is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Watts of Pana, Ill.

The reports of the poor health of the Grand Duke Michael, the heir-apparent to the Russian throne, again attract attention to the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir, who is next in the line of succession. It is said that the Russians would be glad to see Vladimir on the throne. He is big and handsome, over six feet tall, a splendid soldier, brave and reckless. He is at present commander-in-chief of the army. His wife, the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna, as she is known, was a German princess of the house of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and when she married the son of Alexander II. of Russia she refused to become a member of the Greek church. She still has her Lutheran chapel in her palace.

Otto Sarony, who for nearly thirty years had an international reputation for his work in portrait photography, died in New York of consumption, at the age of fifty-three. He was the son of Napoleon Sarony, who first initiated him into the mysteries of photography. Old Napoleon possessed a strong personality. He had a long mustache and imperial hair, and always wore a skull-cap. He

pressed as decided views on this topic as on the other. "There is no such thing," he said, "in reality as secular music. Music cannot be divided into sacred and secular—it is one. Music is music, or it is not. If music were divisible into sacred and secular, then to keep the secular part on earth and send only the sacred half up to heaven would be to send an imperfect and incomplete thing to heaven. But, just as in jewelry, there is real gold and imitation gold, so under the name of music there is real music and imitation music. With many the question whether a piece of music is sacred or secular is decided by the fact whether it is used in church or on the stage; others (a large number) decide by the printed title. Mr. Husband then played three selected hymn tunes and a few measures from Wagner's 'Tannhäuser,' and added: 'The hymn tunes are termed sacred. I cannot myself allow that they are music at all; but using popular language, I will say that they are secular to the very core, while the example from 'Tannhäuser,' I maintain, is thoroughly sacred music, because it is true, pure, inspired music. Surely it is an insult to human intelligence to call these hymn tunes sacred, and an excerpt from 'Tannhäuser' secular. Real music is sacred wherever it is played, be it in the church or in the theater.'

The annual meeting of the Toronto Ciel Club was held on Thursday evening of last week at McConkey's. There was a good attendance and a very pleasant social evening was passed. The formal business was the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, A. T. Cringan; vice-president, Rechab Tandy; secretary, H. S. Saunders; treasurer, Edmund Hardy; executive committee, W. E. Fairclough, F. S. Welsman and F. E. Blackford; auditors, J. D. A. Tripp and Dr. Anger.

The British Museum library is acquiring an embarrassing collection of music. During the year ended March 30, 1903, 8,803 musical publications were received. This is at the rate of twenty-four new pieces of music every day in the year. Sundays included. The bulk of the music was, of course, of English manufacture. Among the manuscripts acquired by the British Museum last year was one, however, of illustrious origin—the Schubert so-called Fantasia Sonata. The title is not correct, as Schubert wrote on the first page "Sonate für d. Pianoforte allein. Oct. 1, 26. Franz Schubert." The Viennese publisher, Haslinger, it seems, undertook to give the title "Fantasia" to the work. In the Andante movement a page is cancelled, showing that Schubert, like other great composers, took pains to revise what he had written.

Patti's farewell concert in New York was given at Carnegie Hall on November 2 and 4. It is not yet definitely decided whether Patti will appear in Toronto, but the date hinted by Mr. Marcus Mayer, who was in town last week looking after the interests of the tour, is about the middle of January.

The eminent French composer Saint-Saëns has been on a voyage of discovery in Egypt. He relates the results of some of his researches in a paper sent to the Paris Academy of Fine Arts. At Ismaïlia he met a musician who was playing upon an enormous lyre in the manner and posture so often seen in ancient drawings, the right hand using the plectrum to sound the strings, while the left hand, with the fingers spread out, was held about the middle of the instrument. On closer approach he noticed that while the musician struck all the strings with his plectrum, only a few at a time sounded, those not wanted being silenced by being lightly touched by the outspread finger of Saint-Saëns thinks it likely that the ancient Greeks practised this mode of execution.

Mr. Corried's presentation of Wagner's great music-drama "Parsifal" is, it appears, to be a most sumptuously upholstered and costumed affair. According to the Vienna "New Free Press" the costumes for the production are all big made in Vienna. The Knights of the Grail will not be attired in red and white, but in dove color, very agreeable to the eye. Klingers will be arrayed in fantastic attire, with Assyrian decorations in gold. Parsifal will appear in black armor, while Kundry's second costume, with its gem-studded veil, is said to be of exquisite beauty. The thirty flower-girls will wear veils, on which are painted roses, lilies, violets and hyacinths. The scenery, which is also being made in Vienna, will be more southern in character than that used at Bayreuth, and appropriately so, since the Grailburg is situated in Spain. The columns of the hall are of dark marble, and the ornaments of bright gold. The cupola is round, and its opening, not blue, but gold. The hall, with its mighty depth, will, we are told, make an overwhelming impression.

The demand for seats for the first performance at the Birmingham Musical Festival of Dr. Elgar's new oratorio, "The Apostles," this month has been so great that the town hall has been practically sold out.

Miss Lucy Franklin, who resided for some time in Toronto and taught singing, is dead. Miss Franklin was one of the leading contraltos of Mr. Carl Rosa's first company, but in her later years she devoted herself to the spoken drama, and at the time of her decease was a member of one of Tolstol's "Resurrection" companies on tour in the English provinces.

The Rev. E. Schofield, the British chaplain at All Saints' Church, Leipzig, has issued a significant warning to parents who desire to send their girls to Germany to study music. He suggests that parents should first communicate with him, or with some resident personally known to them, before making final arrangements as to pensions or lodgings at Leipzig. Evidently something has occurred to make the hint necessary. So far I have heard no complaints from Canadian girls who have gone to Germany to study music as to any deceit practised upon them in regard to the character of their lodgings.

The only novelty of the present opera season at Covent Garden, London, is Mr. McAlpin's "Cross and Crescent," which won the prize of £250 offered by the Moody-Manners Opera Company a year ago. The libretto, based upon Coppee's "Cœur de Couronne," is said to be a most gruesome affair, and as to the music, the press reports of the performance have not yet come to hand.

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was a great favorite with actors, actresses and musicians, and had known several generations of them in Italy and France and America. His studio was crowded with all sorts of daguerreotypes and photographs, and his mind was crammed with anecdotes of all sorts of celebrities. When he died, in 1896, he was sincerely mourned, and his son Otto reigned in his stead.

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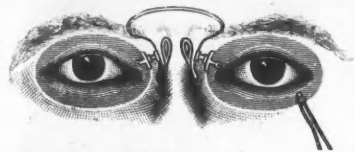


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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Crowdy (nee Keefer) has returned from a long visit to her people in Ottawa.

Mrs. Young came down from London for the Kaye-Buchan wedding on Tuesday, and looked very smart and well in a delicate gown of gray crepe de chine and large hat. Her soldier son, as usher, escorted her to her place in the church, amid smiles of greeting from her numerous old friends, and kissed her very heartily before seating her, a filial act which was delightfully naïf on the part of the gallant young officer.

The exhibition of paintings and stencil decoration by Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson is well worthy of a visit, and has been admired at Roberts' gallery by many of their friends. It closes to-day, so that those who were too busy and rushed by races, weddings and the like would do well to reserve half an hour and look in to-day.

Recent letters from Miss Edna Sutherland announce that she and Miss Merrielle Patton have begun their return tour from the Pacific Coast, after a delightful two months' holiday in Southern California. Their westward journey included over one hundred concerts, and their return dates will be equally numerous, so that they will not likely reach Toronto much before Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Kirby and their daughters, Misses Lillian and Daisy Kirby, have returned to their home, 49 Cowan avenue, and will receive the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.

An exceedingly pretty wedding took place in St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, on the 24th ult., when one of Kingston's most popular girls, Miss Ethel Katherine, daughter of Mr. R. J. McDowall of Princess street, was married to Mr. W. L. McFarland of Markdale, Ont. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with palms, ferns and flowers. The Rev. John Mackie performed the ceremony, before which the surpliced choir sang the marriage hymn, "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden." The wedding march was played by Mr. Otto James, who also added to the beauty of the service by a pianissimo organ accompaniment throughout the ceremony. The bride's gown was of ivory duchess satin, with trimmings of rose point lace and sleeves of accordion-pleated chiffon. The matron of honor was Mrs. J. J. Robertson, sister of the bride, who was gowned in pale blue crepe de chine over blue taffeta, and wore a black picture hat with ostrich plumes. Miss Elda McDowall was a dainty flower-girl, dressed all in white. Mr. G. F. McFarland, brother of the groom, was groomsmen, and the ushers were Mr. J. K. McLaughlin of Owen Sound, Dr. J. J. Robertson, Dr. J. L. McDowall and Mr. Norman Crothers. The bride's mother was handsomely gowned in deep heliotrope voile over taffeta, with velvet heliotrope toque trimmed with white ospreys. Mrs. W. J. McFarland, mother of the groom, wore a beautiful dress of heliotrope brocade, trimmed with elegant black Cluny lace and heliotrope chiffon, and hat to match. After the residence of the bride's parents, and afterwards the happy couple left for their honeymoon, which will be spent in New York and Washington. The bride's going-away gown was of brown camel's hair cloth, trimmed with brown applique. Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McFarland, Mr. J. E. Richards, Dundalk; Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Morden, Mr. and Mrs. Bidwell Way, Hamilton; Colonel and Mrs. S. S. Lazier, Judge and Mrs. Lazier, Judge and Mrs. Fralick, Miss Fralick, Belleville; Miss Gertrude Scobell, Cape Vincent, N.Y.; Miss Nina Kinghorn, Rochester; Mr. K. Richardson, M.P., Flesherston; Sheriff and Mrs. Cameron, London; Miss Boulter, Pictou; the Misses Knopf, New York City.

Mrs. Albert E. Webb is giving an afternoon tea next Tuesday, October 13, from 5 to 7 o'clock, at her new home, 19 Madison avenue.

Golf was a strong rival of the races with some of our enthusiasts, and more than two or three did not tear themselves from the fascinating game until the last few days of the fall meeting. Among these was Mrs. W. R. Riddell, who was beautifully gowned in one of the sumptuous wraps of the season, a trained pelisse of crushed velvet of the new shade of brown, belted at the back, and having surplice sleeves, with a capeau in the same shade, the wrap worn over a lovely gown of pale blue, with fine lace.

A very pretty visitor to the races was Miss Whish, of Woodcote, Allandale, who has been visiting Mrs. Law at 504 Sherbourne street.

The saying, "What monstrous onks from little corns grow!" or, as the naughty boy puts it, "What monstrous aches from little toe-corns grow!" has been mildly exemplified in the case of one of the most charming little musical coteries, the Ladies' Practice Club, which has flourished to such a gratifying success under Mrs. Harley Roberts' fostering care that it blossoms out this year into "The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society of Toronto." The society is modelled after the famous society in London of the same name, now in its twenty-first season, of which the Duke of Cambridge is president. The patrons and patronesses of the Toronto society are His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Clark, Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence Buchanan, the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. G. Allan Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Mrs. W. A. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Mowat, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Tyrell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Patterson, Miss Scott, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bickford, Mr. George H. Roberts, Mr. Grayson Smith, Mrs. Cattaneah, Mr. and Mrs. John Cartwright, Mr. Frank Strathy, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Rev. Mr. Davenport, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. T. D. Delamere, Mr. Alfred O. Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston. The committee of management is Mrs. George Harley Roberts, Miss Winnifred Andras, Mrs. Grayson Smith; secretary and treasurer, Miss E. H. Mockridge, 10 St. Joseph street, Toronto; conductor, Herr Kligenfeld. The present members

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A Query Concerning Up-To-Date Novelists.

THE proper age for broken hearts has increased decidedly within a century, says a modern literary observer. It used to be about fifteen. At that tender age woman once reached the height of her intellectual and physical charm. This is proved by the overwhelming testimony of biographers, poets and novelists. Didn't Goethe, for example, who rivals Solomon not only for his wisdom, but also for the number and variety of his heart entanglements, fall in and out of love with his Lili when she was just at that proper age? At fourscore and over he still had a vivid recollection of her beauty, wit and grace in those far-off days. Of course I am wandering from my subject a little here, for no hearts were broken in this transaction, as Goethe didn't finally get his Lili, and she made it lively for him during their brief engagement. But even if we set aside this case as not wholly belonging here, what are we to do with the testimony of countless biographers, poets and novelists? Take the profoundly philosophical and wholly unsentimental Jane Austen, in her "Sense and Sensibility," to make one illustration do for all. Doesn't she let her Marianne finally marry the flannel-waistcoated, rheumatic colonel of nearly forty after her recovery from a broken heart due to "an affection formed so late in life as at seventeen"? No, whatever the scoffing may say, the proper age for broken hearts used to be about fifteen.

Before I became a Darwinist I was a scoffer and ignorant, too. I could not close my eyes to the fact that girls of fifteen are nowadays exceedingly crude, unformed and trying, and in my ignorance I scoffed particularly at the old-time novelists. Darwinism has shown wherein they were right and I was wrong. I was ignoring entirely the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. Our up-to-date novelists will hardly permit a broken heart under twenty-five, and such an impaired organ at forty-nine is not at all uncommon. They are right, too. Anyone who chooses to look carefully into the reasons for the rush citywards, the rising cost of beef and the increasing age at which marriages are contracted sees at once why the novelists were right then and are right now.

Of course, the broken heart is almost exclusively a prerogative of the fair sex. The male is, in general, the tougher animal. Besides, he has one privilege which every self-respecting novelist denies to woman, he can drown his cares in drink and so preserve his heart in alcohol.

But there is another psychological enquiry which is at present troubling me, and on which I should like to have light. Our novelists (I speak of novelists only, for biographers do not give testimony on this point, and we have no poets) invariably cause the hero to make all the advances when it comes to proposals of marriage. Are they right? Is there something in the make-up of the Englishman or American which causes him to be the aggressor in all affairs of this kind? My experience with the broken heart has taught me to be cautious about doubting novelists, but there are certain considerations which lead me to suspect that they are on the wrong track here.

The enquiry was forced upon me more than a score of years ago during my student days in Germany. In my strolls through the university city the most frequently recurring sight was some servant girl roaming about with her arm around her soldier's waist. Or perhaps they were sitting on a bench with her arm tenderly encircling his neck, while his head rested on her shoulder. Here evidently woman was the aggressor, and man the passive victim. Sometimes he would look ashamed, but she never. While in the contemplative mood caused by this oft-viewed spectacle, I ran across a French picture entitled "Love's First Kiss." It represented a stalwart youth, with hands down at his side, while a pretty young woman (undoubtedly not a servant, but some sort of duchess, countess or princess) stood on tiptoe with her arms resting on his shoulders, and in the end gave him a passionate kiss. This led me to consult Continental poets and novelists with this particular point in view. To my surprise they helped confirm the mute testimony of the servant girls and the picture by frequently making the hero the victim, not the victimizer, in those acts of aggression by which love comes into its own. One example may suffice for all. In his "Alexis and Dora," Goethe, who is chosen again because he is such a pat master in all that pertains to love affairs, lets the youth admire Dora as he might admire the beauty of the moon, but with no more desire to have her than he felt to make that pale orb his own. But, enticed into her garden where she gathers a basket of fruit for his journey, he suddenly finds her arms about him, and succumbs at once. When his ship sails away a few minutes later, we see him leaning against the mast in a veritable delirium tremens of love and jealousy.

But the most serious consideration is still to come. Lay hold of almost any one of your intimate friends, make him mellow by any agency in your power, and he will confess to you privately or in a circle of confidential friends that he is married simply and solely because his wife led him on. Men have even been known to say this in the very presence of their wives without contradiction. Such confessions seem to show, among other things, that the Continental novelists are not wrong in their practice. Hence the query, Is our up-to-date novelist up to date?

"Be'tro I consent to let you have my daughter," said the square-jawed captain of industry, "I want you to answer a question. What would you do if I were to give you one million of dollars?" After the coroner had viewed the remains and decided that death was due to heart failure, caused by a sudden shock, the old man lit another cigar and murmured: "That's worth tryin' again some time."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

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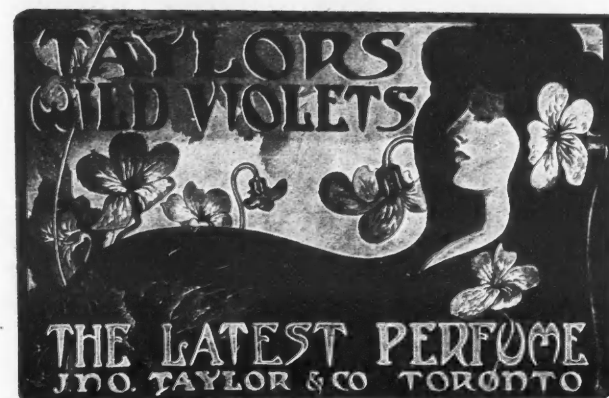
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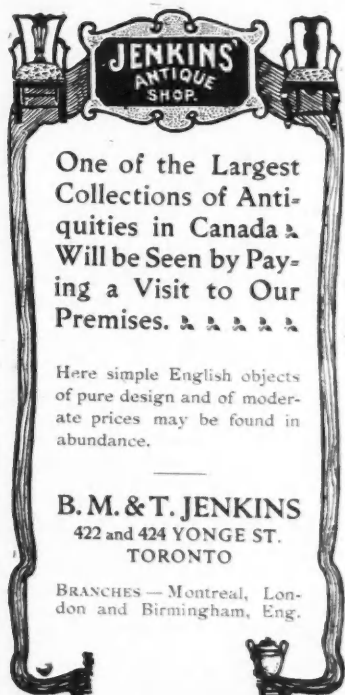
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Social and Personal.

Next week will be another "Hymen" week. On Monday afternoon Miss Laura Ireland and Mr. Graham Thompson are to be married at St. Andrew's Church; on Wednesday afternoon Miss Laing and Mr. Horsey are to be married at St. Alban's Cathedral, Miss McNaught and Mr. Tudhope at Jarvis Street Baptist Church, and Miss Gosling and Mr. Eveson at St. George's Church. It is not often that three marriages of so much interest take place in Toronto on the same day and at the same hour, and those who are fortunate enough to know all three brides are experiencing an embarrassment of riches in that respect which is vastly trying.

Mrs. Horetzky has left Toronto and will reside in Quebec, where her son, Captain Horetzky, is quartered.

Mrs. Frederick A. Blachford (nee Beeton), 80 Roxborough street west, will receive next Tuesday and Wednesday, October 13 and 14.

Mrs. Edwin Gordon Wills (nee Sadd) will receive for the first time since her marriage at her home, 394 Brunswick avenue, on Friday afternoon and evening, October 16.

Mrs. R. Case, late of Ontario street, is now settled in her new home, 67 Tranby avenue, and will receive on the first and third Fridays.

A very pretty wedding took place last Tuesday, October 6, at 2 o'clock, in Christ Church, Deer Park, when Miss Lillian McBeth Mulholland, youngest daughter of the late Mr. William Mulholland, was married to Mr. Duncan Arthur Coulson, son of the late Mr. Arthur Coulson of Toronto. The church was prettily decorated with white dahlias and palms. Rev. T. W. Patterson, rector of the church, officiating. Mr. Morton Jones presided at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. David Mulholland, was charming in white crepe de soie mounted on taffeta, with the customary veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley. Her bridesmaids were Miss Gertrude Edwards and Miss Hattie Latter. They were becoming gowns of white pongee silk and Gainsborough hats trimmed with white Liberty silk and plumes. They carried large bouquets of Imperial roses. The groomsmen were Mr. Frank Coulson of London. The ushers were Messrs. W. A. Smith, James Swan and Arthur Grant. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. David Mulholland, Clinton avenue, Deer Park, the house being beautifully decorated with palms, white dahlias and orchids. Mr. and Mrs. Coulson left by the 5.20 train for New York. The bride's travel-

ing gown, of blue broadcloth, with the coat opening over a white blouse of peau de cygne, with toque to match, was most becoming. A unique feature of the occasion was the throwing of tiny silver horseshoes. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Coulson will reside in Woodlawn avenue. The presents were numerous and very handsome. The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond ring; to the bridesmaids, pretty brooches set with pearls, and to the groomsmen a pearl scarf pin. Among those present were Mrs. Arthur Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Coulson, Mr. Robert Coulson, Miss Mulholland, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Mulholland, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Mulholland, Mr. and Mrs. Latter, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, Miss Grant, Rev. T. W. and Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. J. A. Smith, Misses Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Cable, Mrs. and Miss Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Anton Simmers, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Simmers, Mrs. Elgie, Mrs. and the Misses Edwards, Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, the Misses Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. R. Shillingford Pack, Mr. Ralph Pack, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Musgrave, Dr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Badgerow, Mrs. George Marks, Miss Price, Mrs. Dunbar, and the Misses Swan, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Snider, Mr. R. J. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ritchie.

Mrs. Brook, 298 Brunswick avenue, will receive in future on the first Fridays only.

On Wednesday afternoon Knox Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding, the marriage of Miss Louie Fulton, daughter of the late Mr. Fulton, to Mr. Worthington Jull. The church was beautifully decorated and the music rendered by Mr. Vogt and Mr. Jenking was very attractive. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. J. R. Fulton, was handsomely attired in a gown of white panne crepe, trimmed with rose point lace. The veil was caught up with natural lily of the valley. Miss Lulu Risdon of St. Thomas, Miss Lena Fulton, sister of the bride, and Miss Jessie Perry were the bridesmaids. Miss Risdon's dress was pale green peau de crepe, trimmed with white silk Cluny lace. Miss Fulton and Miss Perry wore casino robes of white silk crepe, with deep shoulder collars of white Irish guipure. All wore large white picture hats. The bride's niece, Miss Isabel Fulton, was flower-girl. The groom's gifts to the bridesmaids were pearl wreath pendants, and to his bride a pearl and diamond heart. Mr. John Willson of Winnipeg was best man. Dr. Winnett of Kingston, Mr. A. B. Fisher, Mr. R. O. Mackay and Mr. Livingston were ushers. Miss Fulton, sister of the bride, wore a toilet of French gray silk crepe de chine, and Mrs. J. R. Fulton a handsome gown of pale blue spotted silk crepe de chine. Mr. and Mrs. Jull left for New York and Bermuda, and

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A 7½-octave Baby Grand Piano, by Gerhard Heintzman. A rarely beautiful instrument. Case in rich Honduras mahogany.

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on their return will reside at 1243 King street west.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Smellie have returned to town. Mrs. and Miss Smellie receive on Fridays after November 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton A. Muldrew are at 281 Sherbourne street, where Mrs. Muldrew receives on the third and fourth Mondays.

Mrs. Sydney A. Brazier of Brooklyn, N.Y., has returned home after visiting Hamilton and Toronto.

A most touching and pathetic story has reached me to the effect that Mr. Forbes Robertson's little daughter suffers from impaired sight. Those, and they were many, from manager to matinee girl, whose eyes were dim with tears while witnessing the magnificent impersonation of blind Dick Heldar by Mr. Robertson, will find added pathos in his acting when this story comes to their ken.

The wedding of Senator Mackay's daughter to Mr. Robert Loring of Puritan Club, Boston, will take place at Kildonan, Sherbrooke street, Montreal, the bride's home, at 9 o'clock, on the evening of October 14. Mr. Loring comes from an old Boston family, and is a son of Harrison Loring.

Madame Melba sings in Massey Hall next Thursday (Thanksgiving) night. Friends of Melba are never tired of citing her other qualities beside her wonderful voice. Always considerate at rehearsals, a successful and tactful hostess, she inherits her talent from her mother, and her father was greatly opposed to her going on the stage. Melba has a wonderful physique, and scarcely knows what illness means. She studies faithfully every morning, and is one of the most reliable and conscientious singers who ever inspired the utter trust of an orchestra. She is especially fond of "Rigoletto," the first opera in which she ever sang.

The marriage of Miss Erie Wilson of Quebec and Mr. Jack Reeve is to take place in December. Miss Wilson has many warm friends in Toronto, who will be interested in this news.

Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright are again in their apartments at the St. George. On Tuesday Mrs. Ramsay Wright gave a very pleasant little five-o'clocker for Miss Helen McCaul of London, Eng., who is in town.

At the Waldie-Kemp nuptials on Wednesday a wedding song, "Lord Bless These Hands United," composed by Mr. Arthur Blakeley, was an interesting and beautiful musical number.

Mrs. Arthur Spragge has returned to town and is, with her mother and daughter, residing in Wilcocks street.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and his family take up their residence in Government House on Monday. The receptions will begin in November, to be announced later on.

The death of Mrs. Baldwin Jackson on Saturday removed a clever, lovable and earnest humanitarian from our midst. Mrs. Jackson had in her time been interested in several prominent charities, and had many friends.

Mrs. Price Brown has returned from Asheville. Mrs. Holloway of Winnipeg

has returned home. Rev. Frank DuMoulin of Chicago preached in St. James' Cathedral on Sunday morning. Mrs. and Miss DuMoulin were among his hearers. Mr. Arthur Guise has returned from Ireland. Mrs. McCulloch has been on a short trip to see her sister, Mrs. Meredith, at her summer place, and returned home this week. Mrs. Clinch returned last week from the Isle d'Orleans, where she spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Lockhart are settled at 63 Dale avenue, Rosedale, where Mrs. Lockhart will receive visitors next Monday.

A very lovely character which has been an inspiration for good to many was that of Mrs. Hughes, wife of Judge Hughes of St. Thomas, who passed from earth a few days since, at the age of 83. Three generations of friends have prized this sweet and gentle lady, who only lived to do good, and whose loss is so irreparable to her aged husband and descendants.

A Poem in Green.

A couple of ladies were walking through the new fixture showrooms of the Toronto Electric Light Company a few days ago, when one of them was heard to say: "Isn't this perfectly elegant?" "It is," said the other, "a perfect poem in green."

It is certainly a poem in green, the floor covering being green, the walls green, the seats green, the desk green, and even the ladder used by the men in hanging the fixtures is painted green.

It is well worth the while of anybody who appreciates the artistic in furnishing to call and take a walk through these spacious rooms.

The artistic effect is well carried out in the many beautiful fixtures displayed there. These rooms are situated at 12 Adelaide street east.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
Worth—At Broadway, Eglington, on the 26th ult., the wife of Arthur Worth of a daughter.
Collinson—Oct. 6, Hamilton, Mrs. J. H. Collinson, a son.
Macfarlane—Oct. 6, Orono, Mrs. A. C. Macfarlane, a daughter.
Morgan—Oct. 5, Toronto, Mrs. Frank E. Morgan, a son.
Morton—Oct. 4, Barrie, Mrs. F. G. Morton, a son.
Grant—Oct. 5, Ottawa, Mrs. John J. Grant, a daughter.
Carter—Oct. 2, Hamilton, Mrs. Charles Carter, a son.

Marriages.

Mitchell—Ross—Sept. 29th, Toronto, Charles Mitchell to Catherine Nisbet Ross.
Milne—Kinnear—Oct. 7, Toronto, John Alexander Milne to Mary M. Kinnear.
Petch—Milner—Oct. 7, Toronto, Geo. W. Petch to Annie L. Milner.
Chisholm—McKendry—Sept. 30, Milton, Victor Chisholm to Effie Edgworth McKendry.
Coulson—Mulholland—Oct. 6, Deer Park, Toronto, Duncan Arthur Coulson to Lillian McBeth Mulholland.
McKee—McNeill—Sept. 30, Vancouver, B.C., John McKee to Lilla McNeill.
Ruddy—Leach—Oct. 6, Millbrook, Robert Ruddy to Margaret E. Leach.
Smith—Stewart—Oct. 5, Orillia, Frederick Stanley Smith to Caroline Matilda Stewart.
Chadwick—Pechell—Elizabeth, N.J., De Witte Clinton Chadwick, M.D., to C. A. Rothwell Pechell.
Brown—Atkinson—Sept. 30, Toronto, Benjamin Hinchcliffe Brown to Lydia Atkinson.
MacCallum—McMaster—Sept. 30, Toronto,



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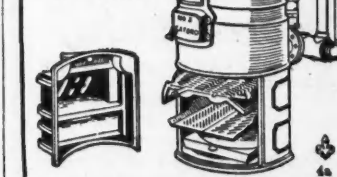
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Deaths.

Armstrong—Oct. 7, Campbellford, W. W. Armstrong, aged 81 years.
Hughes—Oct. 6, St. Thomas, Sarah Richardson Hughes.
Ross—Oct. 4, Prescott, Elsie Justina Rose.
Colville—Oct. 6, Campbellford, Arthur Lyndhurst Colville, aged 51 years.
Galbraith—Oct. 6, Bowmanville, John Keith Galbraith.
Kidner—Oct. 6, Hamilton, James F. Kidner, aged 87 years.
Marshall—Oct. 5, Brooklyn, N.Y., Beverly Greig Marshall.
Wood—Aug. 26, China Inland Mission Station, Rao Cheo, China, Gertrude H. Wood.
Buck—Oct. 3, Toronto, R. A. Buck, M.D.
Jacks—Oct. 3, Toronto, Mary Stuart Macfie Jacks.
Mackay—Oct. 2, Toronto, George Samuel Mackay, aged 80 years.
Brethour—Oct. 3, Niagara Falls South, Rev. D. L. Brethour, Ph.D.
Cargill—Oct. 1, Ottawa, Henry Cargill, M.P., aged 66 years.
Helliwell—Oct. 2, St. Catharines, Mary Helliwell.
Ross—Sept. 27, Teeswater, Caroline Peaseable Purford Ross.
Stanbury—Sept. 20, Bayfield, Marguerite R. (Reta) Stanbury, aged 24 years.

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